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"The Quiver," June, 1910.

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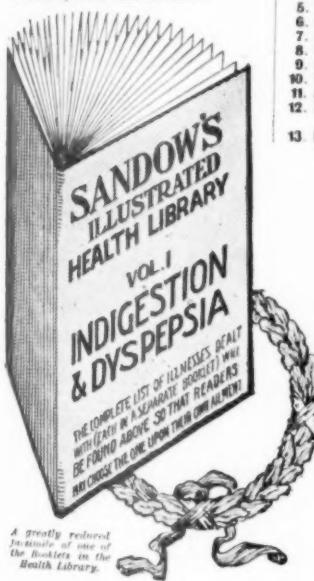
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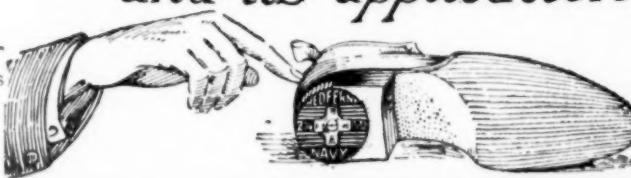
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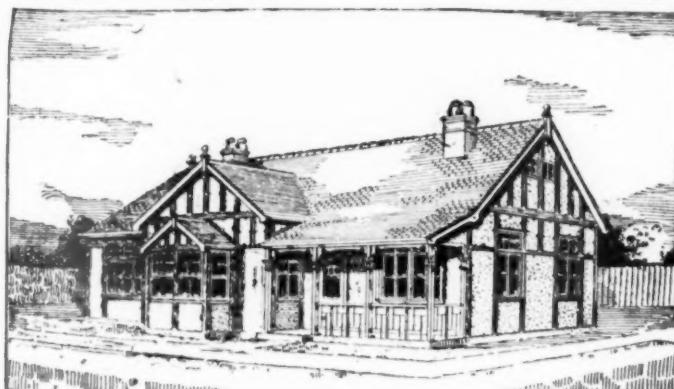
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FITTED TO CORRECT DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT.**

"EYESIGHT PRESERVED," a Pamphlet by Mr. Aitchison.

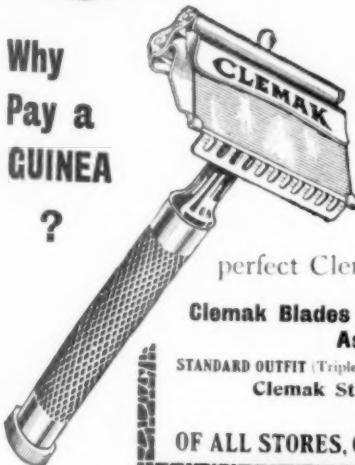
Now Edition Post Free to "Quiver" Readers.

**AITCHISON & Co. LONDON
AND LEEDS**

For the Easiest and Quickest possible Shave.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

Why
Pay a
GUINEA
?



The 5/- Clemak Outfit gives you a perfect shaving instrument—a razor that makes the morning shave as easy, safe, and pleasant as simply washing the face. Is your shaving as easy as that now? The Outfit comprises Silver-Plated Frame, handle and stropping attachment, with seven perfect Clemak Blades in silk-lined wooden case.

**Clemak Blades can be stropped and will last for years.
Ask your dealer for a Clemak.**

STANDARD OUTFIT (Triple Silver-Plated), with 12 Blades & Strop, in handsome leather case, 10/-

Clemak Stropping Machine, including Strop, 3/6.

Clemak Booklet Post Free.

OF ALL STORES, CUTLERS, &c. Or post free from the
CLEMAK RAZOR CO., Billiter St., London.



**It Keeps Liquids
Hot or Cold 24 hours.**

In the home a THERMOS is always useful—particularly in winter weather.

It keeps liquids hot 24 hours without a fire, lamp or stove.

- The morning tea
- The baby's food
- The drink for the journey
- Any liquid, any time, anywhere.

And in the Summer it keeps liquids cold.

The THERMOS is solid—practical—neat—and easy to clean.

It is made of metal, lined with glass—and will last a lifetime.

Thermos Flask

costs from 10/- pint size,
15/- quart, up to 10 guineas.

AN ACCEPTABLE WEDDING PRESENT.

Of all Jewellers, Chemists, Ironmongers and Stores. Wholesale only:
A. F. Gutmann and Co., 8 Long Lane,
London, E.C. 3082

Onoto Ink is permanent in its results—the older the writing the blacker it becomes.

It is a clear fluid that will not clog fountain or other pens.

Sold in improved easy-to-hold glass bottles, with a spout to pour. No risk of leakage or spills.

Ask your Stationer or Stores for

Onoto Writing Ink—Blue-Black.

Onoto Writing Ink—Black.

Onoto Writing Ink—Red.

Onoto Copying Ink—Blue-Black.

Onoto Copying Ink—Black.

Sold in glass bottles, 6d. to 2s. each, according to size.

Made by
**THOS. DE LA RUE & Co.,
LONDON, E.C.**

You do save money

by buying at



and not only so, but you have a
larger and a fresher stock to choose from.

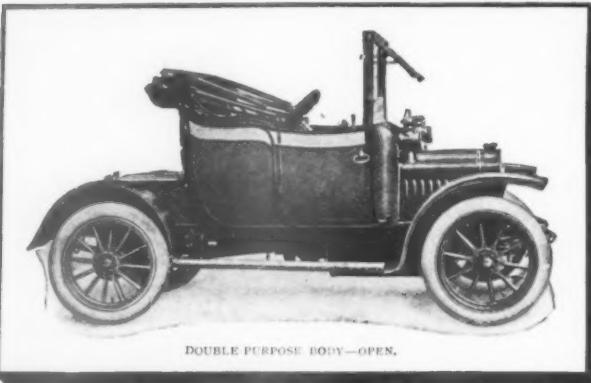


Branches
Everywhere

At each branch
the services of a
fully Qualified
Chemist are
available to
every customer

Head Offices: - Station St., Nottingham.

JESSE BOOT.
Managing Director.



DOUBLE PURPOSE BODY—OPEN.

and screen ; and, when closed, affords all the protection and convenience of entry of a brougham or landauet.

We have just introduced a new type which is much lighter than any other closed body, and very little heavier than an ordinary open carriage body. It is, therefore, practicable to use it on a low-powered light chassis, and thus effect considerable economy, not only in first cost, but for petrol, tyres and maintenance.

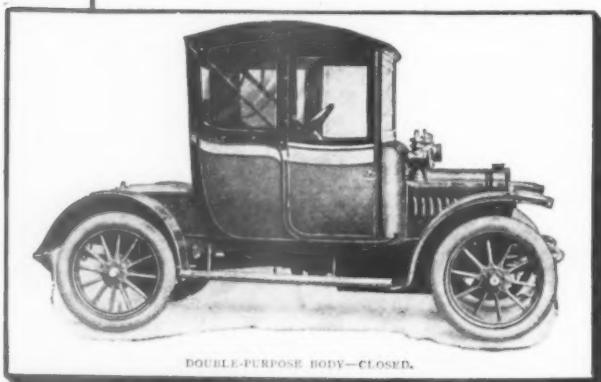
The model here illustrated is on an 8 h.p. one-cylinder

De Dion Bouton

chassis, for which it is perfectly suited. It can also be fitted to our four-cylinder 10 h.p. and 14 h.p. chassis.

We make a similar carriage body to seat four persons.

Full particulars and prices of these bodies, with complete catalogue, free.



DOUBLE-PURPOSE BODY—CLOSED.

De Dion Bouton

(1907) Limited,

90, Great Marlborough St.,
Regent St., London, W.

Telegrams: Andesite, London.

Telephones: City, 3151 (3 lines).

THE CHURCH ARMY

Welcomes Mothers with their Children, stifling in London slums, at its

FRESH AIR HOMES

at St. Leonards, Bexhill and Godstone, thus enabling many a sick and overburdened woman to enjoy much-needed REST AND CHANGE, from which she would otherwise be debarred. The mothers pay what they can. Will you supplement their small payments?

FUNDS, Old Clothes, Books, Toys, Furniture, Pictures, &c., are sorely needed.

Dispensary & Medical Mission

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Salisbury Mews, Great Quebec Street, W.

Letters for Free Admission furnished to Subscribers.

URGENTLY NEEDED—

Medicine Bottles, Corks, Cod Liver Oil, Letters for Hospitals and Convalescent Homes.

Cheques crossed "Farelay's, a/c Church Army," payable to Preliminary CARLILE, Hon. Chief Secretary, or Mr. W. F. HAMILTON, K.C., Hon. Treasurer, to be sent to Hon. Secretary, Fresh Air and Dispensary Department, Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

Telephone—PADDINGTON 3440.

Help the Children!

Your aid is once more asked by the

Ragged School Union AND Shaftesbury Society

for the purpose of supplying to the hungry, crippled, and badly clothed children of London necessary comfort and uplift in life. This noble work deserves everyone's support, and contributions are now urgently needed, and should be sent to

SIR JOHN KIRK, J.P.,

Director.

**32, John St., Theobald's Rd.,
LONDON, W.C.**

HALL'S Sanitary Washable DISTEMPER

(TRADE MARK)



This 4-lb. tin of Hall's Distemper, when mixed with water, will cover about sixteen square yards. It is cheaper than wall paper or paint, and more artistic than either.

Choose this wall covering because it is not only beautiful, but easy to keep clean, absolutely fast in colour, and when first applied a thorough disinfectant and germ destroyer.

It is made in a wide range of 70 colours, including rich dark as well as light tints. It sets hard, and never cracks, blisters, or peels off. It is applied with a white wash brush, saving much in the cost of labour.

Hall's Distemper may be washed by lightly sponging down with tepid water, but this should not be done until three weeks after application.

Write to day for sample shade card and beautiful 16-page booklet, "How to Decorate Your Home," showing, in colours, how to artistically decorate every room of the house. Sent post free from the Sole Manufacturers:—

SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., HULL
London Office: 109th Borough High St., S.E.

OUR COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE.—£400 De Dion Bouton Motor Car, Four Cylinders, 1910 Model.

Second Prize, £15 Cash; Third Prize, £10 Cash; Fourth Prize, £5 Cash; 10 Prizes of £1; and 40 Consolation Prizes of Handsome Volumes.

In view of the great success and wide popularity attained by our last competition we have arranged another on similar lines, only in this case the First Prize will be a magnificent De Dion Bouton Motor Car, valued at £400. Undoubtedly, all will agree that this is a prize worth winning.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

We have reproduced certain portions of twelve advertisements of well-known firms, and all you have to do is to fill in on the form below the name of the firm or commodity to which you think each refers.

This Competition is run in conjunction with "Cassell's Magazine," "The Quiver," "Little Folks," "The Story-Teller," and "The New Magazine," and the reproductions are from advertisements in the May issues of these publications.

We shall publish one more set—that is, in the July Number—and the first prize will be awarded for the correct list.

In the event of no reader mentioning all the firms or commodities correctly, the first prize will be awarded to the one who has the greatest number right; while, should we receive more than one complete set absolutely correct, a further competition will be arranged of six pictures to decide the winner. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

Any number of attempts may be sent in, and the sets of pictures may be taken from any of the above-mentioned magazines. That is to say, you can obtain your April set from "The Quiver," May set from "The New Magazine," June set from "The Story-Teller," and so on. Keep your sets by you until we state the closing date. The cuttings are taken from the advertisement pages of the magazines, and in no instance from leaflets inserted.

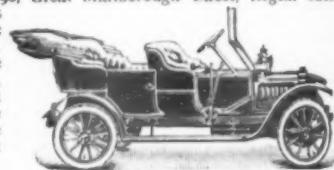
The list of winners will be announced in the number of "The NEW Magazine" published in August.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition. The published decision will be final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

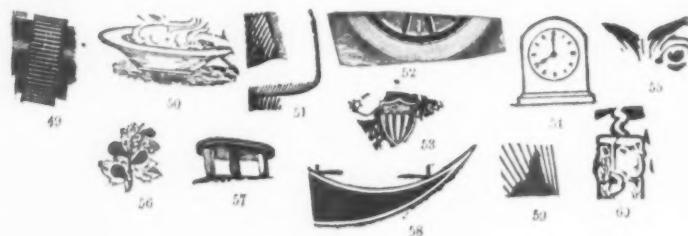
No employee of Messrs. Cassell & Co. is allowed to take part in this Competition.

THE MOTOR CAR

will be supplied by Messrs. De Dion Bouton (1907), Ltd., of 90, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, London, W. It is a four-cylinder 1910 model, and embodies all the latest and best improvements, including automatic lubrication, automatic carburation, magnetic ignition, etc. The car will be delivered complete with the best London-made four-seated body, long waterproof hood, folding windscreen, lamps, etc. The De Dion Bouton manufactory is probably the oldest established and largest in Europe. These cars have a world-wide reputation for simplicity, reliability, durability, economy; and the quality of materials and workmanship are recognised as the highest standard in the motor trade.



Set No. 5.



49.	53.	57.
50.	54.	58.
51.	55.	59.
52.	56.	60.

Name.....

Address.....

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—By an unfortunate mistake, Item No. 14, which appeared in Set 2 (March issues), was part of an advertisement that appeared in the Australian Edition only. The Adjudicators have, therefore, arranged to cancel No. 14—that is to say, it will be altogether ignored when the lists are checked.

Holloway's Pills

A Big Benefit is derived by those who use Holloway's Pills. These celebrated Pills are especially useful in preventing the bad effects of over-indulgence. They purify the blood, cleanse the stomach, gently stimulate the kidneys, and act as a mild aperient. Without some such corrective the festivity of one day often debars us from all enjoyment for a week. A few doses of Holloway's Pills set the disordered stomach right, restrain biliousness, steady the circulation, give strength to the muscles, and composure to the brain and nerves. They are incapable of doing harm even to the most delicate constitutions. Females of every age find them an invaluable remedy and aid. Holloway's Ointment has superseded all other remedies as a cure for old wounds and sores, and as a certain remedy in cases of rheumatism, lumbago, pains in the limbs and joints, backache and soreness of the chest. Holloway's Pills and Ointment have enjoyed the public confidence for over 70 years. Prices per box or pot, 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/6. Of all Chemists, Stores, etc.





RINGS Send for our Handsome Illustrated Catalogue Post Free. The most charming designs in Engagement Rings, Signet Rings, Brooches, Pendants, and the most attractive models in up-to-date jewellery at remarkably moderate prices. Supplied on our Easy Subscription Terms, or 2/- in the Month & Discount Cash with order. Ask for Catalogue B

J. G. GRAVES Ltd.
SHEFFIELD

The QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,
HACKNEY ROAD,
BETHNAL GREEN,
E.

130 beds always full.
Unless help is immediately forthcoming
£11,000 a year expenditure.
Assured income under £1,000.

Late "North Eastern Hospital.
30,000 Out-Patients annually.

half the beds must be closed.
71,000 Attendances.
No funds in hand.

PLEASE HELP.
T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.

BISSELL
Runs Quietly Makes no Dust Saves Labour Saves the Carpet
Buy a "Bissell." Prices from 10s. 6d.
OF ALL IRONMONGERS AND FURNISHERS.
MARK & CO. (London), Ltd., 38, Wilson St., London, E.C.

CARPET SWEEPER

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS
You can learn this fascinating work by correspondence.
Send for our prospectus.

£5 AND EARN PER WEEK

HALF-GUINEA CUCKOO CLOCKS
for 3/6!!! 30 Hour.
This Handsomely Carved Large Cuckoo Clock, Excellent Timekeeper!!! The Cuckoo Sings each Hour and Half-hour!!!
Half Price 3/6 6d.
Half-price 1910 Jewellery Novelty.
Carriage Post Free.
THE LEEDS BARGAIN CO., (Dept. 4)
3, Raven Road, Leeds.
Worth 10s.

Best for Bonnie Bairns

FOR FAMILY USE there is nothing better
REYNOLDS' DIGESTIVE WHEATMEAL BREAD

Awarded **65 GOLD MEDALS** Forms BONE, BRAIN, FLESH and MUSCLE.
Order Sample Loaf from your Local Baker.

If you cannot obtain locally, write to
J. REYNOLDS & CO., Ltd., 53, Flour Mills, GLOUCESTER.

FITS CURED

Send for Free Book giving full particulars of **TRENCH'S REMEDY**, the world-famous Cure for Epilepsy and Fits—Simple home treatment. 20 years' success. Testimonials from all parts of the world; over 1,000 in one year.

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd., 303, South Frederick Street, Dublin.

EYES AND EARS
New Treatment Without Operation.
For all Diseases of the Eye: Deafness in all its forms: Noses in Head and Ear; Ear-aches, Frightened, Deafness from Inflammation and Catarrh. Special results forwarded. Hundreds of letters in testimony. No painful instruments. Write for Testimonials and Printed Questions to answer, sent free. Mr. T. ISON, Ison's Eye and Ear Dispensary, Ltd., Great George St., Leeds. [Established 1871.]

NO LANCING OR CUTTING
Required if you use the world-famous **BURGESS'S LION OINTMENT**. It has saved many a limb from amputation, and has been used by Hospitals. The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA, &c. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. Sold by all Chemists, 7d., 1/-, &c., per box, or post free, 1/- P.O. Box Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 66, Gray's Inn Road, London, Adwickgate.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.
The well-known London Manufacturing Dentists, MESSRS. BROWNING, give the very best value; if forwarded by post utmost value per return, or offer made. 65, Oxford Street (opposite Rathbone Place, London, W.). Est. 100 Years.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

Disordered Digestion

The natural cure is special attention to diet thereby allowing the organs to recuperate. The "ALLENBURYS" Diet is the ideal food for dyspeptics, invalids, and those with impaired digestion, nourishing and invigorating the whole system.

MADE IN A MINUTE
Just add boiling water.

Send 3d. Stamps
for large sample.

Of Chemists
1/6 and 3/-
per Tin.



ALLEN & HANBURY LTD., LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

THE "QUEEN" RECOMMENDS
JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE"
BECAUSE IT'S THE BEST. **MARKING INK**
As supplied to the Royal Household & Awarded 45 Gold Medals for Superiority.
WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER KIND IS PREFERRED.
ONE HUNDRED YEARS WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION. Price 6d. & 1s. SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS, CHEMISTS & STORES.

Are You Deaf?

If so, you can be relieved by using
WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR-DRUMS
A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are soft, comfortable and invisible; have no wire or string attachment. WRITE FOR PAMPHLET. Mention this Magazine.

Wilson Ear-Drum Co. D. H. WILSON, 59, South Bridge, EDINBURGH.



STAIN GREY HAIRS

The Hair, Whiskers, or Eyebrows are simply and safely done with

"NECROCEINE."

Restoring the colour (any shade) to the roots. It has a lasting effect, and makes detection impossible. Does not stain the skin. Undoubtedly the cleanest and best Hair Stainer in the World. Light Brown, Golden, Dark Brown, and Black. Secretly packed by Post for 1s. 2/3. 3s. 6d.

LEIGH & CRAWFORD (Desk 10), 32, Brooke St., Holborn, London, E.C.

A SUMMER CHILL

after an unexpected shower or change in temperature often brings an attack of Lumbago or Rheumatism. Some consider these to be only winter complaints. This is not so. While there is uric acid in the blood, a slight chill renews the torture. Why let your pains return? Empty a tin of Anturic Bath Salts into a warm bath and banish the uric acid poison from your system. No drugs or lotions—no inconvenience; just a few pleasant Anturic Baths, and you prevent all uric acid complaints, summer and winter.

ANTURIC BATH SALTS

To be obtained of all Chemists, in sealed tins. Price 1/6 per tin.

Invaluable booklet on the "Mystery of Gout," etc., and cures, post free from ROCKE, TOMPSITT & CO., 113, REDCROSS STREET, LONDON, E.C.





For a Quiet Evening

At home, or—now that the days are growing warmer—a happy afternoon out of doors, you could wish for no more delightful companion than these splendid Shilling Volumes from the House of Newnes:—

For God and the Czar. A thrilling story of Russian life. By J. E. PRESTON MUDDOCK. This book has been banned in Russia!

The Mystery of the Clasped Hands. One of the finest stories that GUY BOOTHBY has ever written. The interest in the mystery is maintained to the very end.

Jim the Penman. The fascinating life-story of the most amazing forger and criminal that ever lived. By "DICK DONOVAN."

From Village Green to Downing Street: The Life of the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P. By J. HUGH EDWARDS and SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES ("Sub Rosa").

Twenty-five True Tales of Adventure. A collection of some of the most remarkable true stories that have appeared in print.

Twenty-five Football Stories. A selection of stories by some of the foremost sporting writers of the present day.

Twenty-five Tales of the Sea. A volume of excellent ocean fiction by Capt. F. H. SHAW, FRANK SAVILE, HAROLD BINDLOSS, &c., &c.

Twenty-five Tales of the Railway. Contains stirring stories by authors who know their subject intimately.

Twenty-five Cricket Stories. Some of the most amusing and exciting tales ever written round "the widdling of the willow."

Twenty-five Detective Stories. Detective Stories are ever popular, and in this volume you have a selection of the most stirring.

The Ladies' Field Golf Book. By JAMES BRAID, Open Champion, 1908, 1906, 1905, 1901. With numerous photographs showing correct style, faulty and accurate poses, &c.

Fifty Prize Stories from "Tit-Bits." The cream of over twenty years of *Tit-Bits*—a delightful companion for all leisurely occasions.

Romantic Stories of Famous Families. Amazing stories of the secret histories of some of England's noble and aristocratic families.

W.G.'s Little Book. By Dr. W. G. GRACE. A volume abounding in anecdote and reminiscence, with hints on fielding, batting, bowling, &c.

Books that should be in every Home

* **Every Mother's Baby Book.** A complete guide to the rearing of infants. By DR. ANDREW WILSON.

* **Cookery Made Easy.** Containing over 500 appetising recipes and much advice of value to housewives.

* **Every Woman's Toilet Book.** Edited by MRS. ROBERT NORBLE. An invaluable handbook to every woman who values her health and personal appearance.

* **Dressmaking Made Easy; with Chapters on Millinery.** A valuable handbook for every woman who wants to dress well and inexpensively. With numerous diagrams illustrating cutting out, &c.

* **The Pigeon Book** (A. H. OSMAN). An entirely new handbook dealing with all details connected with the breeding and exhibiting of Pigeons.

* Also in Cloth, 1/- net.

1/- each

These books may be obtained from Newsagents everywhere; or, post free, 3d. each extra, from GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Dept. 83, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

1/- each

ARE YOU DEAF?

If you suffer from any form of Deafness or Head-noises, write at once to the Aural Remedies Co., 529, Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C. By return you will receive, gratis and post free, full particulars of a marvellous discovery which enables patients to cure themselves speedily and surely in their own homes without a visit to the doctor or even the aid of an appliance.

Hundreds of the most astonishing testimonies have been received during the past few weeks, notably from Mr. J. Barden of E. Guildford (55 years deaf), Mr. W. Gray of Kelso (45 years deaf), Mr. M. Lambert of Blyth (40 years deaf), Mr. W. Hodd of Thornton Heath (32 years deaf), also from Mr. G. Bowles of N. Brixton, Miss Phillips of Edinburgh, Mrs. Dougan of Clapton, Mr. M. Thomason of Birmingham, and Mr. Ives Walker of Leicester, all of whom suffered from Deafness for over 30 years.

EAST OR WEST

THE VERY BEST

TYRES ARE

HUTCHINSON

Made in a variety of patterns. Ask your local cycle agent to show you them and fit them if you want an ideal riding season.

FAMILIAR WILD HERBS.
Yarrow, Dandelion, Comfrey, & Horehound.

These are the well-known English Herbs, grown in English soil, which form the chief ingredients in the preparation of

MASON'S Extract of Herbs

ONE TABLESPOONFUL of this Extract makes a Gallon of Delicious BOTANIC BEER and has been used by the British Public for thirty years with the greatest success.



GOOD! IT'S MASON'S!

YOU can make money by selling Herbs Beer made from Mason's Extract. Send 1d. stamp for our Booklet "Hints on Brewing," which gives full particulars. Newball & Mason, Nottingham.

For THE COLLAPSO-HOLIDAYS, SEASIDE and GARDEN.

A superior and well-finished Deck Chair. The most compact Chair in the world. Folds to 48 x 4x3 inches. Weights only 10 lbs. Saves carriage on railway and hire at seaside, and will pay for itself in a season.

Price 9/9

Send Carriage Paid on receipt of a P.O.

ALBURY COLLAPSOWARE CO (DEPT. Q), 149, OLD ST., LONDON, E.C.



Dr. BARNARDO'S HOMES

TRAIN BOYS AND GIRLS



71,228 CHILDREN RESCUED.
9,000 NOW IN THE HOMES.
300 IN TRAINING FOR THE NAVY
AND MERCANTILE MARINE.

HELP IS SOLICITED

For the Food Bill Fund.

FOUNDER'S DAY CELEBRATIONS
will be held at the GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME, BARKINGSIDE, on Saturday, 2nd July. Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck and the Duke and Duchess of Somerset will attend.

Honorary Director: WILLIAM BAKER, Esq., M.A., LL.B.
Head Offices: 18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, E.

FREE 10,000 TABLETS OF OATINE SOAP

In order to further popularise this delightful Toilet Soap, the Proprietors are distributing free to the first 10,000 applicants taking advantage of this offer a free Visitor's Table.

This Toilet Soap possesses remarkable healing and cleansing qualities, is rather firmly and leaves the skin soft and velvety. If you have not tried it, do so now at our expense.

SEND FOR ONE TO-DAY

which will be dispatched immediately on receipt of your application, together with a dainty Toilet Case containing samples of seven other delightful Oatine Preparations, all sent to you free on receipt of 3d. in stamps (halfpenny stamps preferred) to cover cost of postage and packing.

The Oatine Co., 305, Oatine Buildings, Mermaid Court, London, S.E.

ONE SHILLING

Will Feed and Clothe

ONE CHILD

for

ONE DAY

The Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphanage at Haverstock Hill, London, N.W., provides a Home for 500 Fatherless Children.

Will you kindly help this good work, which has been carried on by the Charity for 151 years? How many of these children will you feed and clothe for a day or more?

I shall be grateful for your gifts.

ALEXANDER GRANT,
Secretary.

Offices:—

73, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

FOR
2/6 with order
WE DELIVER ON "ENTERPRISE" PARCEL complete or 2/6 with order and 9 monthly payments of 2/6 (after delivery) if you are entirely satisfied. The Knives are warranted Sheffield steel of high temper & finish with Ivory texture Ivolette Handles in faithful reproduction of choicest African Ivory. The Knives are made of a special metal called Silverite, a hard white metal which carries a superfinish indistinguishable from sterling silver & wears white all through. The World's Greatest Cutlery Bargain.

CONTENTS of the "ENTERPRISE" PARCEL

6 Table Knives	6 Tea Spoons	1 Mat Sugar Spn	
6 Table Forks	6 Egg Spoons	1 pr Sugar Tongs	
6 Dessert Knives	6 Salt Spoons	1 Jam Spoon	
6 Dessert Forks	1 Mustard Spn	1 Pickle Fork	
6 Dessert Spoons	All on approval.		

Manufacturers' Catalogue of genuine Sheffield Cutlery and Plate post free to your address. Pocket Knives, Razors, Work Cases, Jam Dishes, &c. Ask for Catalogue H.

All made in our own factory.

GRAVES Ltd.
SHEFFIELD.

Have it Perfect. You know how delicious blancmange with stewed fruit is. Have the blancmange perfect in this way:— Use only good sweet milk, 1½ pints to 2 ozs. of Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour. Blend the Corn Flour with a little of the milk, while bringing the rest to the boil. Add the blended Corn Flour slowly. Then while stirring boil for 10 minutes. This makes such a delicious blancmange, with a flavour entirely different from one not properly made.

Brown & Polson's
"Patent"
Corn Flour
Recipes in every Packet.

NEAVE'S Health Diet

A Delicious and Nourishing Milk and Cereal Food. Manufactured by the Proprietors of Neave's Food for Infants. Especially valuable in Sickness, during Convalescence and for Dyspeptics, Invalids and the Aged, etc., on account of its digestibility and strengthening properties.

Quickly and easily **1/3 & 3/6** tins by Grocers made. Sold in

Sample sent on receipt of two penny stamps

for postage mentioning this publication.

JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge, HANTS.

Church of England Waifs and Strays Society EARNESTLY PLEADS FOR FUNDS.

Nearly 15,000 Destitute Children have been rescued; over 4,100 now under the care of the Society.

CONTRIBUTIONS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED.

Rev. E. de M. RUDOLF, Secretary,
Old Town Hall, Kensington Road,
London, S.E.

THE QUIVER

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1910

Frontispiece : "Her Birthday." Drawn by C. M. Padday.	
The Glorious First of June. Complete Story. By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN. Illustrated by John E. Sutcliffe	PAGE 699
When I was at School. A Symposium. Collected by A. B. COOPER. Illustrated by Photographs	707
LOVE'S BARRIER. Serial Story. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Chaps. XVI.—XVII. Illustrated by W. E. Webster	713
Love is of God. Poem. By E. F. BRYAN	723
The Romance of Village Life. By the REV. P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A.	725
Fiennes and the Clothes Basket. Complete Story. By BRENDA E. SPENDER. Illustrated by H. M. Brock	730
The Philanthropy of the Future. By LADY ST. HELIER	738
Miss Phoebe. Complete Story. By KATHARINE TYNAN. Illustrated by John Cameron	742
Clouds. Poem. By LESLIE MARY OYLER	747
Openings in Australia. By DR. E. I. WATKIN. Illustrated by Photographs	748
The Experiment. Complete Story. By C. KENNEDY BURROW. Illustrated by F. Hodge	753
Loiterers. Picture. By YEEND KING, V.P.R.I.	759
My First Lecture. By the REV. F. W. MACDONALD	760
Beside the Still Waters	763
Letters on Life and Love. By "AMICA." No. 5.—To a Wife who does not like Her Husband's Relations	765
THE HOME DEPARTMENT :—	
Summer Housekeeping. By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR	769
Practical Philanthropy and the Simple Life. By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER	771
How to Arrange a Flower Social. By BETTY FINCH	773
The Work Room. Picture. By T. B. KENNINGTON	775
Conversation Corner. By THE EDITOR	776
BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN PAGES :—	
How, When and Where Corner. Conducted by "ALISON"	778
The Camomile. By the REV. J. G. STEVENSON	783
Poverty of Heart. League of Loving Hearts' Page	784
Sunday School Pages	785
The Crutch-and-Kindness League. By the REV. J. REID HOWATT	787

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THE JOY OF LIFE

THAT hoary heresy that it is not the part of earnest, serious men and women to be too much given to the cultivation of the happiness and the joy of life, lingers among us with a strange persistency, turning many lives that were meant for brightness and song into grey and gloomy and uninviting ways. It is true, of course, that high and serious purposes for life can hardly be cherished in the heart that is searching overmuch for mere pleasure, but there is not much of the real and abiding and soul-filling joy of life in mere pleasure for pleasure's sake. So far from being a thing inconsistent with the high-minded and purposeful life, true joy, in the great, deep meaning of that term, is of the very essence of human wholesomeness and naturalness, and noble aspirations and high ideals flourish best and most persistently in the heart of the wholesome and the natural man.

The man whose heart is filled with kind thoughts for others, and whose life-deeds reveal that inner fountain of sweetness, must be happy; for, after all, it is only selfish-

ness in some form or other that can kill the joy that every man was meant to know. If you will live earnestly, wishing, not in any narrow or trivial sense, the happiness of others, and will let no day pass without some deed, however small, that seeks to fill out that wish, measuring up to the opportunity of helpfulness as it comes, then, by that great divinely ordained sequence that never fails, you will drink the cup of human happiness held in the hand of God himself.

Oh! but you say, sorrow must come to every heart and every home. Yes, indeed it must. But the strangest paradox of all life is, that joy and sorrow may find room in the one heart, the one an abiding and the other but a passing guest. The darkest shadows in most lives are those that each man casts by standing in his own light. And every true philosopher of life ultimately makes the discovery that it is the good things of life that are the most real, while what seem to be evils are, in the long last, but blessings in disguise.

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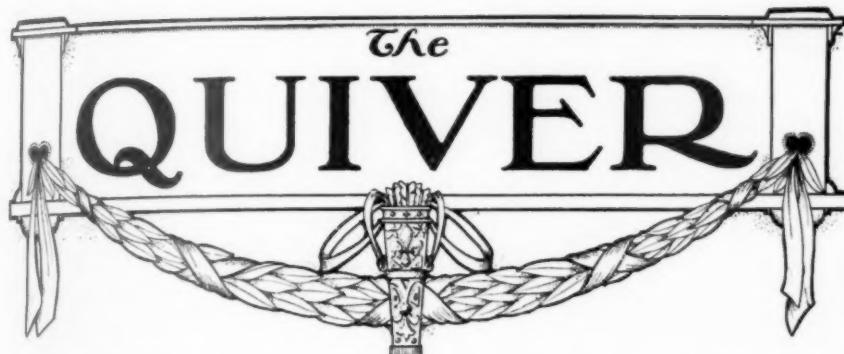
CALENDAR FOR THE MONTH

1 WED. H. F. Lye b. 1703
 2 THURS. William Carey d. 1834
 3 FRI. Prince of Wales b. 1805
 4 SAT. Lord Wolseley b. 1853
 5 **Sunday** Adam Smith b. 1723
 2nd after *Trinity*
 6 MON. Velasquez b. 1599
 7 TUES. R. D. Blackmore b. 1825
 8 WED. Sir J. E. Millais b. 1820
 9 THURS. Geo. Stephenson b. 1781
 10 FRI. Sir Edwin Arnold b. 1832
 11 SAT. Mrs. Humphry Ward b.
 1857
 12 **Sunday** Charles Kingsley b. 1819
 3rd after *Trinity*
 13 MON. W. B. Yeats b. 1805
 14 TUES. Battle of Naseby 1645
 15 WED. Mrs. H. B. Stowe b. 1812
 16 THURS. S.P.G. founded 1701
 17 FRI. John Wesley b. 1703
 18 SAT. Battle of Waterloo 1815
 19 **Sunday** C. H. Spurgeon b. 1834
 4th after *Trinity*
 20 MON. Salvator Rosa b. 1615
 21 TUES. Queen Victoria's Diamond
 Jubilee 1897
 22 WED. Rider Haggard b. 1850
 23 THURS. Prince Edward of Wales
 b. 1894
 24 FRI. H. W. Beecher b. 1813
 Midsummer Day
 25 SAT. Corn Law repealed 1846
 26 **Sunday** Lord Kelvin b. 1824
 5th after *Trinity*
 27 MON. Capt. Cook b. 1728
 28 TUES. Rousseau b. 1824
 29 WED. Eliz. B. Browning d. 1861
 30 THURS. Pillory abolished 1837



HER BIRTHDAY.

(Drawn by C. M. Padday.)



VOL. XLV., No. 8

JUNE, 1910

The Glorious First of June

A Complete Story

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN

"MANY happy returns of the day!" quoth Guy Dunstable.

"How did you know?" asked Barbara Musgrave, her face rippling over with mirthful wonder.

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" said Guy.

"A fiddlestick for your prophetic soul! But I am puzzled beyond words! I told myself this morning that for once in my life I could get neither birthday letter nor birthday greeting from any living soul!"

They met upon the deck of the great ocean liner. The shores of old England were more than in sight. They were entering the mouth of the Solent, and the radiance of an English summer's morning was upon the lovely green world which lay before them. After the long monotony of rolling waves, the two travellers from the Antipodes gazed about with indescribable sensations of delight.

"You will not reach your destination tonight then?" he asked.

"No; I must spend at least one night in London first. But oh, look, look! Was ever anything so lovely? That young green, the blue of the sky, those soft fleecy clouds."

"The glorious first of June!" said Guy, with a laugh. "Quite the right day for a birthday. All nature is giving you a greeting!"

"But how did you know? You must tell me. I am simply consumed with curiosity."

He teased her a little. They were quite friends now. They had been nearly six weeks at sea together, and this last week, after the boat had dropped the bulk of its first-class passengers at Marseilles, they had been thrown together more than ever. Then he told her.

"You lent me a book, do you remember? It had your name and a motto of greeting, and the date of June the first. Putting two and two together with an acumen worthy of Sherlock Holmes——"

She began to laugh. Her laugh was clear and sweet and very infectious. He had joined in it a hundred times before. He joined in it now.

It was early still. They had the deck almost to themselves. The stewards, going about their task with that air of brisk hurry which denoted approach to port, cast approving looks towards the handsome young couple, and some of them exchanged knowing glances. They had watched matches made before this during long voyages, and there could be no manner of doubt but that Barbara Musgrave and Guy Dunstable were well suited to one another in age, in kindred tastes, in good birth, and good looks.

At breakfast they sat together, and no one was very near. The sense of imminent parting had just begun to make itself felt.

THE QUIVER

After many weeks of constant intercourse was the arrival in port to mean a final separation? Guy was asking himself this question as they chatted over their meal. The thing seemed incongruous and absurd, and yet how difficult to make any suggestions as to future meetings!

Out on the deck again he spoke—a little abruptly, as though he disdained to beat about the bush.

"May I come and see you—some day?"

She smiled. She was glad he had asked it; but there was a doubt suggested in her answer.

"I should like it, but you know I shall not be at home. I have no home now. Australia kept my father alive for many years, but it did not save him. I told you I was going to his elder brother. My uncle and aunt are quite old people. They never had any children. They are very old-fashioned and quiet in their ways. I cannot tell at all what it will be like living with them."

"If you do not like it, will you stay?"

"I think so; for I know that my aunt is frail as well as old. From their letters I gather that they are worried. I think it is about money matters. I have very little money myself to help them with; but I am young and strong, and I can turn my hands to almost anything: that comes from having lived in the Colonies. I hope I shall be able to do things for them which may be a help and saving in other ways."

"Do you know the place you are going to?"

"I was there once as a little kiddie—before we went to Australia: just a little after my mother's death. An old ramshackle place, smothered in ivy and honeysuckle and clematis—fascinating to a child; but I can see now that it was pretty dilapidated even then. Father loved it. It was his old home, you see. I am going to love it, too. The address? Oh, it is called the Grange, and the post town is Dcepdean, Stillshire."

Guy was looking over towards the sunny shore, his hands thrust into his pockets.

"I suppose—one day—it will be yours."

"I doubt it. My hope is that my uncle and aunt may just be able to live out their lives there. They talk pathetically as though even this were doubtful. I expect—afterwards—everything will have to be sold."

Side by side they stood in the sunshine,

and Guy was aware of a sudden and almost overpowering desire to take this girl in his arms and vow to stand between her and all slings and arrows of adverse fortune.

"Now we have talked enough about me and my affairs," said Barbara brightly. "Let us think a little about yours. How soon will you know whether or not you are Sir Guy Dunstable, and the owner of broad lands and great fortunes?"

Her laugh invited him to join, but his words held a touch of grimness.

"I think it's more likely than not that half a dozen aspirants with better claims than mine will appear. They would have me over, those worthy old fogies of Lincoln's Inn; but I'm half inclined to call myself a fool for coming."

"Oh, you had to come and bring your papers."

"Yes, I suppose I had; but as likely as not it will prove a wild goose chase. If I were the least sure of anything—"

Guy pulled himself up short, and Barbara took up the word in her gay, eager fashion.

"Ah, but it's nicer not to know everything at once. A little uncertainty makes it so much more interesting and exciting. I suppose it will be in the papers when once the question of succession is settled?"

They looked at one another. He longed to ask her if he might write to her. She half hoped that he was going to do so. But some unprecedent ed disfidence had got him at this moment by the throat. The words stuck there and would not come. Before he could master himself sufficiently to speak them the chief steward had come hurrying up. The luggage was being brought up from below: passengers were asked to clear their cabins. All was hurry and confusion now on board, and the time for quiet confidences was over.

Only at the moment of parting Guy held her hand in a close clasp.

"May I come to see you—on your next birthday?"

Her eyes lighted radiantly as she answered. "Yes."

II

"BARBARA dear, you are very welcome! Ah, my dear child, but how handsome you have grown!"

"Do you think so, auntie? How nice of



"The glorious first of June!" said Guy, with a laugh. "Quite the right day for a birthday. All nature is giving you a greeting!"—p. 699.

you. I was afraid I was too big; but girls do grow so tall now. We can't help it, can we?"

She had her hands upon the shoulders of the little old lady, whose small shrunken figure was in such contrast to her own young strength and vitality.

"Auntie dear, you look worried to death, and as for uncle, I should scarcely have known him! He has grown so old and bent and—and—" Barbara had almost added "querulous," but she stopped, the word unspoken.

"He is greatly harassed and troubled, Barbara. There is a mortgage on the property. Our neighbour at that new house you passed coming from the station has bought it up. Mr. Moseley is buying a great deal of the land about here. He wants to become a large landed proprietor. He has been here about six years. At first we were glad of his coming, and your uncle found it easier

to have one creditor to deal with than several. And if he ever wanted an advance, Mr. Moseley gave it him; or if the interest was not forthcoming in time, he granted what he called an accommodation. At first it all seemed so easy and pleasant. But now—"

"What is happening now?" asked Barbara, incipient indignation in her tones.

"Well, dear child, I do not understand business. I never did. I wish I had learned things when I was young, for perhaps I could have helped your uncle better. But it seems that we are always getting deeper and deeper into Mr. Moseley's debt, and now and then he just hints—only hints at present—that one day he may foreclose."

"What is that, auntie?"

"I scarcely know myself, my dear, but if he did your uncle and I would have to leave the Grange, and I think we should have nothing to live on then except my own

THE QUIVER

little pittance of two hundred a year. As it is, most of our housekeeping is done upon that ; only now we have the house to live in and the farm produce for the household, though as much as possible is sold to meet the payments of interest which seem always to be coming round."

"Oh, poor auntie ! Auntie, I have a hundred and fifty a year myself, the lawyers tell me. I can't use the capital—I wish I could. I'd pay off that mortgage as far as it would go."

"No, no, dear, that would not be right. We could not rob our brother's child."

"Oh, but I am young and strong. I can work. I shall do a lot of things on the farm. You will see. I shall put a hundred pounds a year into the household purse, and we will try to help poor uncle to be happier again. How I should like to give that Moseley wretch a piece of my mind ! "

"Ah, dearest Barbara, that would never do. The only hope with such a man is to keep friendly with him. If once he took offence—ah, it would be terrible ! He dines with us sometimes. He is coming on Thursday night. You must not show any aversion, Barbara dear. You don't know what harm it might do."

"What is his wife like ? Is she any good ? If I were to try and make friends with her now ? How would that do for a scheme ? "

"My dear, he has not got a wife ! I wish he had. They say he is looking out for one."

"How old is he, auntie ? "

"I don't know, dear. He is stout, and stout men look older than thin ones. But his hair is black."

"He is an oily little Jew, I suppose," quoth Barbara, and there was a fine young scorn in her tones ; but she caught the wistful gaze of the timid old lady fixed upon her, and suddenly a stabbing pain seemed to clutch at her heart. She read the unspoken thought in her aunt's mind, and a thrill of horror and disgust ran through her young frame.

Two days later Mr. Moscley dined at the Grange, and he and Barbara were introduced. Apart from his rubicund stoutness and Hebraic nose, he was not an ill-looking man. He was affable and chatty, full of anecdote and amusing gossip ; and as he talked his eyes dwelt again and yet again

upon Barbara's clear-cut features, sparkling hazel eyes, and the delicate contours of her neck and throat as they were half revealed beneath the transparencies of her black evening gown.

In the drawing-room afterwards, whenever she moved, he followed her with his eyes. The slender grace of her young figure, her buoyancy of walk, the swift accuracy and self-restraint of her actions and gestures, seemed to delight his eyes. He paid court to her with a certain *empressement*. He begged Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave to name a day when they would bring their niece to lunch at his house and look at some of his art treasures. He was so genial and cordial that his host began to throw off some of the anxious and timid depression of manner which had cut Barbara like a knife. She had asked herself if he was afraid of this creditor of his, and it hurt her to feel certain that he was.

"If I could save him—save them—from all these haunting fears and pressure of anxiety," she thought to herself that night as she reached her room. But then the picture of two types of manhood rose before her mental vision : Guy Dunstable as she used to see him pacing the deck of the steamer, and the stout, red-faced Jew, sunk in the easiest chair of her aunt's drawing-room. "But the price—the price ! " she breathed, half aloud, and leaning far out of the window into the moonlit night, she fell into a deep reverie.

III

BARBARA'S clear young eyes, together with the advantages of her Colonial training, soon showed to her in part the reason of her uncle's difficulties. The mismanagement upon the home farm was enormous. Labourers came late to work and left early. Tasks were scamped, stock neglected. There was waste in every department. The fowls were too fat and lazy to lay. The wives of the farm hands came to the dairy and helped themselves to new milk almost at will. Everyone seemed to impose upon a kind and indulgent master, and Barbara's young blood boiled in her veins.

In a few weeks' time she was practically in command of the home farm, and a different *régime* was rapidly established. It

THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE

was not precept alone with her : it was the force of example, too. She was up with the lark. She checked the coming of the men. She skimmed cream with her own hands, and in the new churn which she had bought she made the butter—so firm and pure and well coloured that soon it obtained top price in the market, and she had nearly twice as much to sell week by week as there had been before. Skim milk she gave away, but over the new she kept a firm hand. She superintended the poultry yard, and after a judicious diminution of food eggs began to come in thick and fast.

"My dear, you are a witch!" her uncle often said to her, as she brought him the weekly accounts, and the money bag with the profits of such sales as had been effected. Then she would kiss the top of his bald head and answer :

"No witch—only just a wild Colonial girl, who has seen how things are done in countries where men have to work—or go under."

It was to her a delightful task, only she knew she had come too late to save the property to the family. That mortgage—there was no standing up against such a drain as that. Yet if she could save the situation during the lifetime of the old couple, nothing else would greatly matter. She hated to think of the family property which she was beginning to love passing into the fat, podgy hands of the Jew stock-broker (or pawnbroker, as she was wont to call him in her heart) when the old people were gone. Still, that could be borne, if she could hold on during their lifetime. And she would work her fingers to the bone to that end!

Mr. Moseley had taken to pay visits to the Grange of late—surprise visits, catching Barbara at her self-appointed tasks in dairy or still-room, in the fields or the sheds. He would get Mr. Musgrave to "trot him round," as he phrased it. Barbara was divided in mind whether these visits were made with a proprietary eye, to spy out the nakedness or the plenty of the land, or whether his object was to pay her a compliment, or to pick her brains for information useful to him with regard to his own farming affairs.

Barbara schooled herself to meet him with a friendly air. She knew how much depended upon his favour, and though it irked her sore

to have to dissemble her inherent dislike of the man, in fairness she was forced to admit that he had given her no cause for offence. Moreover, she shrewdly gauged him as a man of violent temper if roused. She did not wish to rouse him, and accordingly the apparent friendship between the pair developed on favourable lines.

As for Mr. Moseley himself, he was vastly content with all he saw. He had never yet acted in a hurry in making a bargain, and he was not going to begin now. All the same, as the months rolled by he was more and more certain that this was to be the crowning bargain of his life. This was just such a wife as he would desire ; but in this country how hard to obtain ! A woman of elegant appearance, of cultivated mind, and full of that elusive quality of charm which defies analysis, yet makes for supremacy and for power ; yet with all this a woman of practical knowledge and usefulness, who hated waste and unthrift as he hated it himself, and would not only adorn a drawing-room arrayed in soft clothing and jewels, but would manage her household and her husband's property in the style of the admirable landed proprietors' wives of old. This was indeed the wife for him !

And Barbara came to know it. He took care that she should do so. He began to talk to her more and more intimately of the affairs of the property, and more and more did she come to understand how hopeless was her uncle's position—how absolutely at the mercy of this man. And, by degrees, he dropped significant hints.

He wanted to take over the property himself, but at her startled indignant look he smiled.

"Dear Miss Barbara, I desire above all things not to displease you. I have no words in which adequately to express my admiration for you. . . ."

That went on for a time ; then more definite wooing began to be attempted, and Barbara was made to understand that upon her hinged the whole situation. If she would marry him the old people should live out their time unmolested. His wife's next of kin would then be his, and no man desires to be hard upon his own flesh and blood. Barbara listened with calm face, but inward shudderings of shrinking horror. Each month brought the issue nearer and nearer. Her aunt's eyes grew more wist-

THE QUIVER

ful, her uncle's words of veiled appeal more pathetic, the Jew's wooing more open and defined. At last the words were spoken to which an answer must be given.

Barbara stood up before them all and spoke.

"Give me till my birthday," she said. "I will give you my answer after the first of June."

IV

"THE glorious first of June!"

Barbara sprang up from her bed with these words upon her lips, and was out long before the household was astir. The dew lay thick and white upon the meadows, and the glamour of the golden morning was everywhere. The girl had donned a white dress—a simple dress of white linen, fashioned by her own fingers. For the first time since her father's death she had added a touch of colour—a pink waistband, a pink sailor tie, and now there was a cluster of banksia roses at her throat.

And in her ears the question was hammering, with the hot young blood that coursed through her veins:

"Will he come? Will he come? Will he come?"

She saw again the white deck of the ocean liner, just one year ago to-day: the fair green shores, the smiling sky. And she saw more plainly still the strong, handsome face of the strong, handsome man, whom those past six weeks had made her friend. His had been her first and only birthday greeting a year ago, and his last words at parting had been the petition—to come and see her upon her next birthday. Would he come?

Not a word had she heard all through the past year; not a sign had he made, nor had she ever seen mention of his name in any paper. This perhaps was not to be wondered at, since she had little leisure for reading the news of the day, nor any familiarity with English papers, and where such items of intelligence about persons and doubtful successions were to be found.

Scarcely knowing which way she took, she found herself in the hazel copse, a charming plantation of about ten acres, which bounded the property upon the eastern side, and completely hid the village which lay rather near to the house. The wood was bisected

by a winding path. Barbara trod that path with light, free step, a lilting song upon her lips. She turned a corner quickly—and stopped short.

"Many happy returns of the day!"

A little cry broke from her lips—a cry of rapture. Her hands were clasped in his. His keen blue eyes scanned her face hungrily. Hers were full of the radiant brilliance of hope fulfilled. He lifted her hands to his lips, and having kissed them, held them still.

"Barbara—you have not forgotten me?"

"Oh, Guy—forgotten!"

What came next neither could ever say. Did his lips or his eyes, or her eyes do the speaking? Or was it the heart alone that gave question and answer? But what did it matter? She was in his arms. His lips were pressed to hers.

"Barbara—my darling—my love!"

"Guy! Ah, I cannot believe it can be true!"

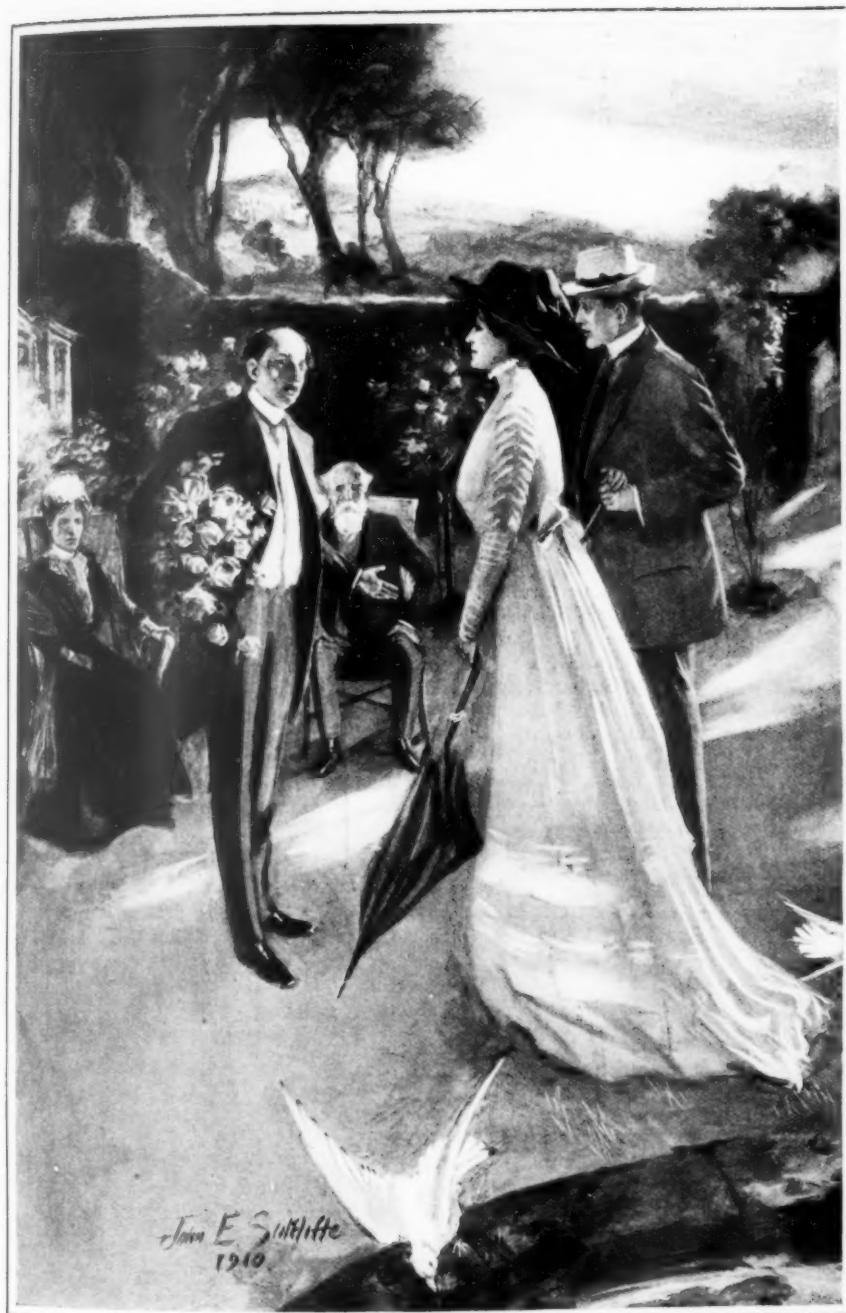
What they had known in secret before they parted last seemed now to be proclaimed aloud from the tree-tops by a chorus of enraptured birds! It was a beautiful betrothal out there in the tender green woodlands, with the scents and sounds of the coming summer about them.

"The glorious first of June, Barbara! Do you remember, sweetheart—the glorious first of June!"

Slowly they walked onwards, and Guy sketched for her the happenings of the past year.

"Yes, I am Sir Guy Dunstable now, and a rich man to boot. But it took a long time to ascertain the fact. My papers were all right—proved who I was; but there was the intermediate branch to trace, and that was a long business. I had to go out to America with a lawyer about it, and it took us the best part of five months to follow up the clues. But in the end we got all the needful proofs. That branch of Dunstables had become extinct. On the homeward voyage he gave in my name to the purser as Sir Guy Dunstable—my lawyer companion, I mean. But even after we landed there was a lot of business to go through, and I had to hustle the slow arm of the law all I knew to get all finished up by—my Barbara's birthday. Sweetheart, tell me your story now!"

She told it him. She kept nothing back,



John E. Shillito
1910.

"This lady is my promised wife, and for any questions you may have in the future to ask, you may take me for the answer!"—p. 706.

THE QUIVER

and as she spoke of the courtship of Moseley, she felt the tense pressure of the arm which was round her still.

"And you would have sacrificed yourself—sold yourself—to save the place for the old people?"

"Ah, Guy, how can I tell what I should have done? I would not think, I would not decide, I would not even make up my own mind—not until after—the first of June!"

"Sweetheart, I will settle the matter with this man Moseley. It will be easy, for whilst I was in America an old cousin of the Dunctables died, and she left her property to the next baronet, whoever it chanced to be. It was a snug little fortune, well invested. We will lie low till Moseley tries his little game and threatens to foreclose. Then my lawyers shall step in and clear the place of debt. Darling, it is all right: is it not my wife's inheritance? What more right and proper than that I take an interest in its well-being? Whilst they live your uncle and aunt shall stay here undisturbed and in peace of mind and prosperity of circumstance. We will put in an active young managing bailiff to look after everything, for I cannot spare my Barbara any longer for that task."

She looked up at him with swimming eyes—eyes that sparkled with happy tears.

"Oh, Guy—dear Guy! It seems too good to be true. Are you sure—quite sure—that it is not all a dream?"

She brought him to the house and told all the tale: how they had fallen in love upon

the steamer, yet how they had only plighted their troth that very morning in the hazel copse. Barbara, her arms about her aunt's neck, whispered a long eager story which brought smiles to the old lady's lips, and happy tears to her eyes. In the study later on Guy had an interview with Mr. Musgrave, from which he emerged with an air of renewed youth and hope which made Barbara's heart leap up.

Guy spent the day with them—he and Barbara together; and as they strolled through the gardens and up towards the house in the softened light of the approaching sunset, they saw that there was a guest with the old folks upon the lawn.

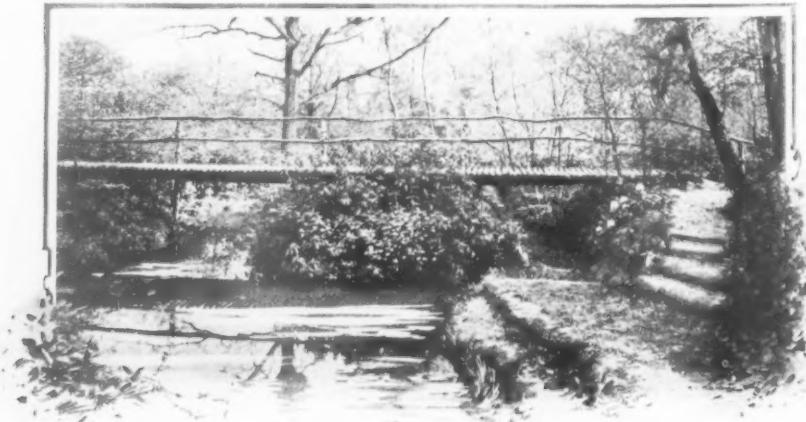
"It is Mr. Moseley," spoke Barbara; "and oh, look at that monstrous bunch of flowers he has brought—for me!"

"Come along," said Guy. "Let's put the beggar out of his pain and into his place."

The old people had not dared to tell; but the sight of the lovers told its own tale. The man's face grew purple with mixed emotions. He got up and came forward to meet them. Barbara shuddered even to think of an awful thing which might have been.

"Miss Barbara—I understood you to say—that on or after the first of June I was to have—my answer."

"Quite so, sir," answered Guy, taking the word from Barbara's lips; "this lady is my promised wife, and for any questions you may have in the future to ask, you may take me for the answer!"



When I was at School

A Remarkable Symposium to which Sir Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir Henry E. Roscoe, Canon McCormick, Professor Knight, Coulson Kernahan, and Horace Annesley Vachell contribute

Collected by A. B. COOPER

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON liked nothing better than to talk about his early days, of which he had a singularly vivid memory; and his gifted countryman, Mr. J. M. Barrie, has defined genius as "the power to be a boy again at will." Barrie's definition may be all wrong, and certainly sounds a little restricted, to say the least; but the power to recollect the incidents and reconstruct the thoughts of childhood is a delightful and not too common gift, and is assuredly a gift, when exercised, which is particularly helpful and inspiring to those who are just emerging from the chrysalis stage and loosening their wings for flight into the great world. And this last is the main reason why we have collected a few personal experiences of representative men under the general title of "When I was at School."

Mr. Coulson Kernahan's Reminiscences

Mr. Coulson Kernahan, author of "A Dead Man's Diary," "God and the Ant," "A World without a Child," and many other books of remarkable insight and literary quality, writes most interestingly, in reply to my question concerning his schooldays. He says: "To be quite frank, I fear that—bar a code of honour which I hold to this day, and some Latin and less Greek—I learnt nothing during my school-days which has stood me in such good stead through life as the power to hold my own—in point of fact, to fight.

"On the morning of my arrival I was given my choice between 'knuckling under' (receiving, unreturned, three 'coward's blows') and a stand-up fight out of bounds with the big boy and bully of my form. I chose the latter course and got badly mauled. But as 'no blubbing' came next

to 'no sneaking' in the school traditions, I did my best to live up to both; and the lesson I learned that day was, I believe, worth ten years of a private school where fighting is prohibited.

"Later on—very much later on—in life, as an officer in the Territorial Army, I learnt, in drill yard, camp, and barracks (where I was 'attached' to the Regular Army for training and instruction) some very necessary lessons in discipline. These lessons helped, I hope, to knock some of the remaining nonsense and not a little of the accumulated 'softness' out of me. In fact, I regard military service of some sort as one of the finest physical and moral influences in existence and should like to see it universal."

Sir Alfred Russel Wallace

Sir Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discoverer with Charles Darwin of the principle of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, author of "Man's Place in the Universe," and of one of the most charming autobiographies in the language, says, in answer to my question:—

"When I was a very little fellow I was taken to a children's school at Ongar, in Essex, kept by two ladies—the Misses Marsh. One rather exciting incident alone stands out clear in my memories of this place. There was a garden sloping down to a small pond in the centre, with rather steep banks and surrounded by shrubs and flower-beds. This was cut off from the house and yard by a low iron fence with a gate which was usually kept locked, and we were not allowed to play in it. But one day the gardener had left it open, and we all went in and began pulling and pushing an old stone roller. After a little while, as we were pushing it along a path which went

THE QUIVER



(Photo: Kent and Lacey.)

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN.

down to the pond, it suddenly began to go quickly downhill, and as we could not stop it, and were afraid of being pulled into the water, we had to let go, and the roller rushed on, splashed into the pond, and disappeared. We were rather frightened, and were, of course, lectured on the narrow escape we had had from drowning ourselves.

"My next recollections are of the town of Hertford, where we lived for eight or nine years, and where I had the whole of my school education. My father had about half a dozen small boys to teach, and we used to play together; but I think that when we had been there about a year or two I went to the Grammar School with my brother John, and was at once set upon that most wearisome of tasks, the Latin Grammar. As we went to school even in winter at seven in the morning, and three days a week remained till five in the afternoon, some artificial lighting was necessary, and this was effected by the primitive method of every boy bringing his own candles or candle-ends with any kind of candlestick he liked. An empty ink-bottle was often used, or the candle was even stuck on the desk with a little of its own grease; so that it enabled us to learn our lessons and do our sums. No one seemed to trouble about how we provided the light. The headmaster in my

time was a rather irascible little man, named Clement Henry Crutwell. He limped very much owing to one leg being shorter than the other. He was a good master, however, inasmuch as he kept order in the school and carried on the work of teaching about eighty boys by four masters, all in one room, with great regularity and no marked inconvenience.

"Next to Latin grammar, the most painful subject I learnt was geography, which ought to have been the most interesting. It consisted almost entirely in learning by heart the names of the chief towns, rivers, and mountains of various countries. The labour and mental effort to one who, like myself, had little verbal memory was very painful; and though the result has been a somewhat useful acquisition during life, I cannot but think that the same amount of mental exertion wisely directed might have produced far greater and more generally useful results. No interesting facts were ever given in connection with these names, no accounts of the country by travellers were ever read, no good maps ever given to us, nothing but the horrid stream of unintelligible place-names to be learnt in their due order as belonging to a certain country. History was very little better, being largely a matter of learning by heart



(Photo: Elliott and Fry.)

SIR ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE

WHEN I WAS AT SCHOOL

names and dates, and reading the very baldest account of the doings of kings and queens, of wars, rebellions, and conquests. Whatever little knowledge of history I have ever acquired has been derived rather from Shakespeare's plays and from good historical novels than from anything I learnt at school."

Sir Henry Roscoe's Early Days

Sir Henry E. Roscoe, F.R.S., the great chemist, Emeritus Professor of Owens College and formerly Vice-Chancellor of London University, writes in answer to my question:—

"For a few years I was sent as a day boarder to Miss Hunt's school at Gateacre. On one occasion my mother and sister went to London for some months, and my cousin, Charles Crompton, and I became boarders for that time at this establishment. It is only when a boy becomes a boarder that he understands school life and begins to see the unadulterated iniquities of boys. We had rice-pudding at dinner before meat, and on Saturday night there was a general washing of feet in tin foot-pans. It was our firm belief that the watery rice-puddings which we were made to eat were cooked in the foot-pans! There were no games in those days except marbles, and the sports now so common were then almost unknown.

"In 1842 my mother moved to Liverpool, and I was sent to the High School of the Liverpool Institute. The school was divided into two parts—the higher and the lower: the higher boys of a better class, and the lower school for tradesmen's sons and boys of the lower middle class. It was one of the first of what are now called modern schools. My mother, a most capable woman, saw that her son would not benefit by the usual classical grind, and that his ten-

dencies were of a different character, and she therefore chose for me a non-classical school. Even in those days we had a chemical laboratory in which the boys worked, and besides chemistry we learnt drawing, natural philosophy, and French, as well as the stock subjects of English, mathematics, and classics. I did not do much either at classics or at mathematics, but I obtained a knowledge of things in general during my stay of seven years at the school, and I think it served my mother's purpose and my own (if I then had any) fairly well.

"I came under the hands of masters of many kinds. Balmain, afterwards well

known as the discoverer of 'Balmain's luminous paint' and of boron nitride, was our teacher in chemistry, and from him I suppose I picked up my love for the subject. Balmain's method of impressing the nature of a chemical reaction upon the minds of the small boys was as original as it was successful. Thus on one occasion a class of thirty or forty boys was ordered into the laboratory after a lecture on the method of preparing sulphuretted hydrogen. There each boy was provided with a glass containing powdered sulphide of iron, and with a second one con-

taining dilute sulphuric acid. 'When I give the word of command,' said Balmain, 'each boy will pour the acid on to the sulphide, and you must then all run away as fast as your legs can carry you.' No sooner said than done! The result was such a fearful stench that each boy will carry down the recollection of that moment to his grave, and will remember to his dying day the formula which Balmain wrote on the blackboard."

Canon McCormick's Cricket Match

It is fitting that Canon McCormick, Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, and honorary



THE QUIVER

chaplain to the King, should revert to cricket when he thinks about his schooldays, for he was the captain of the Cambridge eleven as far back as 1856, the same year in which he rowed in the 'Varsity boatrace. Perhaps even in face of some bright and shining examples of splendid athleticism at the Universities during the last twenty years, it is not too much to say that Canon McCormick was the greatest athlete on record at either University. Triple Blues are somewhat uncommon, but a quadruple Blue—and that is what the Canon was—is surely a great rarity.

Canon McCormick writes, in answer to my question :—

"I was at the Liverpool College, called in my day the Liverpool Collegiate ; and I will confine my observations to cricket. In the cricket club the Seniors dominated everything. We seldom got an innings at practice : our business was to field. But some of us were quite equal to the members of the first eleven, and we objected, and objected in vain, to our unfair treatment. The result was that we started a club of our own, which we designated 'The Edge Hill Collegiate Cricket Club.' We secured a suitable field and had it carefully laid down. A gentleman of means backed us up and often acted as our umpire in our first matches. We were determined not to be untidy, and we wore flannels bound round with red. Our ambition was to defeat the Seniors, but we dare not challenge them, as they would refuse to play us, and as several of our members had never played a match in their lives.

"After serious confab we sent a carefully worded challenge to play half their first and half their second eleven, and, to our delight, it was accepted. The match was to

be on our ground ; for, strange to say, the first eleven of a great school had no ground of their own. Of course, we prepared as best we could. Our different positions in the field were fixed. When the eventful day came we appeared on the ground in our neat uniform. The captain of the Seniors sneeringly observed : 'It is not the dress that makes the man.' We thought it best to be silent. In those days I bowled fast : most boys liked to do so. My elder brother, who afterwards joined the 'Queen's Bays,' and was one of the best riders in the country, kept wicket, and worked away vigorously at my rather random bowling. We were all a bit nervous, but we determined to do our best. Our friends in the school cheered and encouraged us when we did anything well.

"I forget most of the details of the match. I know I only got two or three wickets ; but, bowling with me, was a Welshman of the name of Owen.

He was the best fast underhand bowler I ever saw. He had a bit of a temper, and if he got hit he was sure to increase his pace and take more pains with his pitch. Wicket after wicket fell to him. What made his bowling difficult was not so much the pace, but the spin he could put on the ball. His good length ball got up very quickly, as if he were a round-arm bowler. The fact is, he had very small hands, and his ball used to spin out of them. Once I persuaded him to play in a match for St.

John's College, Cam-

bridge, and he helped us to win the match. I mention this to show that he was as good against men as against boys. But because some of the spectators laughed at his style, nothing would induce him to play again.

"Well, our match went on, and we proved that if our 'dress did not make the man,'



(Photo Haines.)

CANON MCCORMICK.

WHEN I WAS AT SCHOOL

there were men in the dress who could gain a great victory. Our next step was to challenge the first eleven. I will not say it was a rash proceeding, but I can and do say it was a courageous one. To their astonishment and our delight we defeated them.

A master, who was their great partisan, when the news reached him of our triumph, suggested that their next match should be 'against a girls' school'!

"Looking back over sixty years to these particular contests, I am satisfied that our victories were due to our organisation and discipline, as well as to our skill with bat and ball. 'Unity is Strength' on the cricket field as elsewhere. I never was taught cricket until I went to Cambridge, but for all that the foundation of my future success was laid in the well-ordered matches of the 'Edge Hill Collegiate School.'"

H. A. Vachell and Harrow

It is Horace Annesley Vachell's chiefest glory that he has done for his old school, Harrow, what the late Judge Hughes did for Rugby: given it an abiding place in literature. No higher praise can be given to Mr. Vachell's book, "The Hill," one of many novels from his pen, than that it bears comparison with "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Someone has said, "The man who has not been there writes best about a place, because facts do not trammel his imagination," and though it is a fact that Mr. Vachell was at Harrow, yet he has to confess that his schooldays were almost wholly uneventful.

He says: "I was packed off to a preparatory school at eight, entered Harrow when I was fourteen, and ended at Sandhurst. That made ten years of it. Being a strong, healthy boy, I had a very fair time of it. I

did enough work, and not a jot more, to secure my steady advancement and avoid punishment. I put success at games first. I was intensely conservative, but pugnacious in maintaining my own views. I had many fights. I got into many scrapes, was soundly

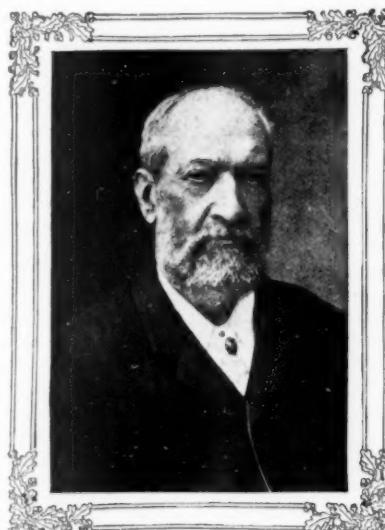
thwacked, and felt none the worse for it. I was very happy at Harrow, and even more so at Sandhurst. It is humiliating to reflect that I cannot furnish you with one incident which might happily serve to differentiate me from tens of thousands of English boys. Perhaps I read more than most, and was more catholic in my tastes. The greatest triumph of those days was the winning of the half-mile race for Sandhurst against Woolwich. The greatest sorrow was an injury to my leg which prevented my distinguishing myself at football. I made

many friends and, I hope, few enemies. All this is detestably commonplace, and I should enjoy brightening so drab a narrative with a few flashes of the imagination, but you want facts. And the truth is so tame. Hold hard! I did rescue one boy from drowning without risking my own life, and he never thanked me!"

Professor W. Knight

It would be impossible to find a more suitable conclusion to this symposium than the very delightful, instructive, and sympathetic contribution which Emeritus Professor William Knight, of St. Andrew's, sends to me. His valuable testimony to the vast importance of sympathetic intercourse with superior minds in childhood, to the subconscious influence of environment, and of the revealing ministries of Nature study upon the mind and heart are of very great value to educationists.

Professor Knight says: "My first school



(Photo: B. H. Bell.)

PROFESSOR WM. KNIGHT.

THE QUIVER

was at the home where I was born: the rural Scottish Manse of Mordington, in Berwickshire. At the age of seven I went to stay with my paternal grandfather, who had spent a long life as a schoolmaster and writer of books in Edinburgh, but had retired in his old age to a then quasi-suburban house in Brandon Street. I first attended the Civans Place School, near at hand, and afterwards went for two years to the High School of Edinburgh, then under the rectorship of Dr. Schmitz. I now remember little of what I learned in either of these schools; much more of what I witnessed from the drawing-room windows of my grandfather's home in 1843: a great historic event—viz. the procession of clergy and laity at 'the Disruption' of the Scottish Church, from St. Andrew's in George Street to the hall at Cannonmills. My father was one of the clergy who 'went out' from the Established Church. In the front were Drs. Chalmers and Welsh, with a long retinue behind them. On either side surging crowds occasionally uttering wild shouts of praise, the tumultuous acclaim of a congregated throng, more exciting to a patriotic child heart than the pibroch of armed clans going straight to battle; while the heroes of the hour walked in reverential silence, swayed by emotions of terrible surrender, of majestic self-denial yet of calm hope for the future. It was a stirring episode in Scottish history.

"Soon after it, my father left Berwickshire for Wemyss, in Fife. I was his second son, named William Angus, after my maternal grandfather, who occupied a somewhat similar position as an educationist to the city of Glasgow that my paternal one did to the city of Edinburgh. He wished his two eldest boys to be educated at home, before they went to the University, and for several years we were under the training of tutors at Wemyss, the more important of whom was Ebenezer Halliday Macartney, the elder brother of the more famous Chinese official, Sir Halliday. He taught us English Literature, Latin, Greek, History, and some of the sciences.

"Our tutor drew up an elaborate timetable of family work and study. Our Saturdays were devoted to long country walks and rambles to the sea coast: in one direction to Kirkcaldy and Kingham, in the other

to Leven and Largs, sometimes climbing the rounded Fifeshire hill of Largs Law. Our conversation turned to all sorts of subjects; and, as our tutor was fond of Natural Science, we studied marine zoology and botany, the zoophytes and sea-weeds of the Fifeshire coast. I collected and preserved some fifty different specimens of the algae, and had a considerable *hortus siccus* of mosses and phanerogamous plants.

"By far the most powerful educational influence I came under was during these Saturday walks and conversations. One day, when climbing the slopes of Largs Law and getting up through the bracken to the grassy paths near the summit, Macartney tried to explain to us what philosophy was; and, by happy chance, he spoke of Bishop Berkley, in connection with an approaching examination at his own theological college. Till that day I had never thought it possible for any sane person to question the reality of an external world, existing in space and time. He tried to explain the difference between the real and the ideal, and connected the philosophical problem with the religious one of the material and spiritual in experience. I well remember our sitting down when we reached the summit of that hill, and my tutor's effort then and there to initiate me into the meaning of doubt as to the external world. Scales fell from my eyes as he spoke, and while we gazed across the Firth of Forth to the Bass Rock and North Berwick Law, some dozen miles away, 'the fountains of the great deep' were broken up within and the conviction sprang up that the spiritual was more real than the material, and the ideal nearer than the actual.

"New passions were wakened within me.
New passions that had not a name;
Dim truths that I knew but as phantoms
Stood up clear and bright in the flame.
And my soul was possessed with yearning
Which made my life broaden and swell;
And I heard strange things that were soundless,
And I saw the invisible."

"It was the dawn of intellectual life, the birth hour of the philosophical quest. I still remember the silent joy, and even rapture with which I came down from that 'mount of vision.' It prepared the way for all my future philosophical studies in Edinburgh."

Love's Barrier

Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

CHAPTER XVI

ABOUT AUDREY

"MRS. SECRETAN gives herself a good many airs, Geoffrey, but I can't afford to quarrel with her."

Mrs. Hayes spoke these words rather snappishly as if she regretted the circumstances which rendered a quarrel with the Rector's wife unadvisable.

"Airs, Maria! I can't say I've seen them," replied her husband perplexedly, as he endeavoured to bring the ends of his tie just right for the neat bow he aimed at. "She seems always the same to me—quiet, unassuming, and a lady to the tips of her fingers."

"Oh, of course she is like that to *men*," said Mrs. Hayes, with a slight cold emphasis. "I've seen her perk up and smile like anything when you speak to her, and I consider that she flirted something disgraceful with that old Sir Anthony at the Mardocks garden party. A Rector's wife ought to set a very different example. And Audrey so fond of her! It's a perfect infatuation. I'm always at her about it."

"At her about it, Maria!" repeated Hayes, a trifle nettled. "Why in the world should you be at her about it? I am only too thankful to think that she has such a friend in Mrs. Secretan. She needed her. There are not so many girls of her own kind in this neighbourhood. I should have thought now, that you would have been glad to see the child happy, running to and fro to the Rectory."

"Audrey hasn't much common sense. When she is fond of people like that she simply sets them on a pinnacle and worships them. She was just like it with the Rector before she came; but there, we can't alter folks, but I often wish Audrey were just a little different, she doesn't help me much."

Geoffrey Hayes put down his hair-brush, and looked at his wife with such amazement,

"Why, Maria, what's the matter with the child? I wouldn't have her altered one

little bit. She's—she's—but there! She's my own little girl, and the sunshine of my life, and I wonder to hear you."

It was not often that the master of High Ridges let himself go like this before his wife. At home he was a very mild man, though in the realm of business he was accounted both shrewd and keen; both as master and friend, however, he was a general favourite. He had small quarter, it is true, for idleness or vicious qualities, but he was a just man, and beneath a somewhat reserved exterior, hid an uncommonly tender heart. In his married life he had undoubtedly lacked that sympathy which is the core of happiness. But he had never made a complaint, only all his affection had been lavished on his only child, who returned it to the full. It hurt him even to listen to the semblance of blame being cast upon her.

"I'm not finding any serious fault with the child, Geoffrey, so don't get into a bad temper about nothing. I'm only stating facts, cold facts, but there are people seemingly that don't like them."

"Well, and what do you want to be after now you have stated the cold facts?"

"I think we haven't done enough for Audrey. She's nineteen, now, and she hasn't come out properly yet. She hasn't really had a chance to get to know people properly, and we ought to do something more for her."

"Well, give a big garden party, Maria, before we go off to Marienbad, and give her the chance to see more people," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "Though I don't think the prospect of it will fill the child with any lively delight."

"She's like you, Geoffrey, she has no sociable instincts. She only likes a few people, and I should just, one day, for the fun of the thing, like to get her to make out a list for her own party. It would be a queer one, I promise you. Probably Ann Coyne and Lydia Rash would head the list. She'd liefer any day I gave a tea to the Girls' Club, than had a decent dinner party. What

THE QUIVER

I'm troubling about is that she doesn't get a chance to meet, well, to meet the people among whom she might make a marriage that would please us."

"That would please you, you mean, Maria," said Hayes bluntly. "I don't want the child to marry, I assure you. High Ridges without her would be inconceivable."

"Well, but she must marry, Geoffrey. She won't always have us, remember, and with her looks she might get in anywhere."

"But I don't want her to get in anywhere. I've seen enough of folks trying to push themselves out of their sphere. If Audrey were to fancy a good, honest, hard-working fellow that would make her happy, I shouldn't worry myself about his position. It's happiness that child wants, not empty titles or belongings, and I mean that she shall be happy if I can manage it."

"But, Geoffrey, it is quite possible to get happiness and position, too," said his wife, trying to speak amicably and persuasively. "The Duchess admires her very much, and thinks she could aspire to anything."

"Did she tell you that?"

"Well, *she* didn't, but I heard it in a roundabout way."

"Well, what have you up your sleeve, Maria?" said Hayes with much good humour. "Out with it, and let's get down to breakfast. If it's a garden party, and you can get the Duchess to come, well, I'm willing to pay the piper."

"No, no, I wasn't thinking of that at all. A garden party is a sort of social dust-heap, really. It wouldn't help anybody, or anything along. Audrey ought to be presented at Court. She shall be next spring, in March, if I can accomplish it. I'm wondering whether the Duchess would present her."

"I should think she doesn't attend any more at Court functions, if she ever did."

"If she ever did!" repeated Mrs. Hayes scoffingly. "Why, her position gives her the entry. They can't keep her out if they wanted to. She was very kind and affable to me at the garden party, though she hasn't returned my call. But with that sort of people one can't be too fastidious about trifles. What I don't like is that I shall have to get at her first through Mrs. Secretan. They're so intimate, calling each other by their Christian names; it would be much better than writing or trying to see the Duchess for myself."

"I should think Mrs. Secretan would oblige you if she could, and anyway, she would be quite courteous and frank about it. But I won't have the child made cheap, remember, and she wouldn't like it herself. She's perfectly happy as far as I can see, and not troubling her head about Court functions."

"Audrey is a silly little fool, Geoffrey, and if she were left alone, and not watched, nothing would surprise me."

"Well, you can sound Mrs. Secretan, if you like, though the whole thing seems a little unusual."

"Unusual! why, it's done every day, and I've heard of people even paying large sums to the right people to bring their daughters out."

"You won't catch me doing anything of the sort, Maria. I don't want the child to 'come out' in the sense you understand it. You never came out, my mother never did, and I haven't had any fault to find with the way you conduct yourself, though we don't always agree on the main points."

"Geoffrey, you are very tiresome," said his wife with a resigned air. "And for a man of your means I never saw one with less ambition."

"Shun ambition, by that sin fell the angels," quoted Hayes lightly, being in his leisure moments a student of Shakespeare. "Well, having had my morning tea, so to speak, can I go down to breakfast, and won't you smooth out your face and give me a decent kiss, eh, Maria?"

Often his whimsical humour flashed out like this at moments the most inopportune. In spite of herself, Mrs. Hayes was obliged to smile.

"Oh, I say," he cried, looking back from the door, "John Ridd will be here to dinner this evening. I told you, I think, he was going over to Canada on some very important business, and I want to show him this little attention before he goes."

Mrs. Hayes did not look pleased.

"I think I shall suggest then, that Audrey should go and spend the evening with Mrs. Secretan. The brougham can fetch her at nine o'clock."

"Why should you do that, Maria? I want John Ridd to see Audrey, and see her shall."

"It isn't quite safe, Geoffrey. He admires her very much, you see, and we allowed them

LOVE'S BARRIER

far too much scope last August, when we were at Scarborough. Surely to goodness, you don't think that John Ridd would be good enough for Audrey?"

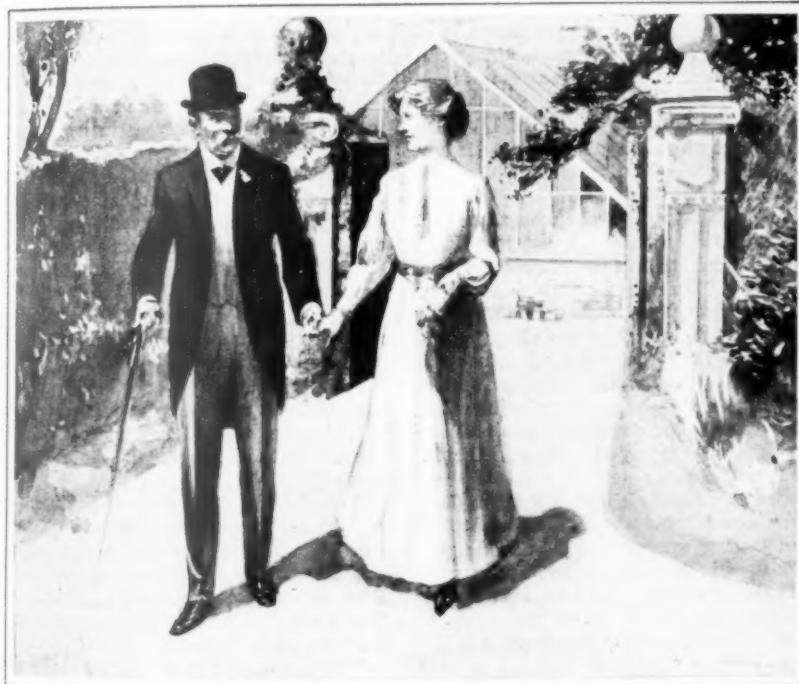
"Well, why not? she might do worse, I tell you. Ridd is a very fine young man, Maria, and he's going to be a partner one of these days. There's very few men I'd give Audrey to with a better heart, if I must give her to somebody. But that I don't exactly see."

Mrs. Hayes looked unspeakable things.

and see that Audrey wears a pretty frock. Can't you see for yourself, my woman, that we can't help these things. There will be a destiny for her somewhere, I don't doubt."

"Folks make destiny for themselves," she retorted sharply, and made no promise.

The cloud disappeared, however, from both their faces at the breakfast table, where Audrey dispensed the sun. She was so gay and so winsome, so brimful of the joy of life, that somehow unpleasant things could not live where she was. Immediately



"'Mamma's been saying something,' she said comically. 'No, I don't want to marry anybody, darling.'"

"Who are the Ridds, anyway? It is quite true I believe that his father was only a gatekeeper at the Howorth Mills, and they educated him out of his sphere. I think he is an upsetting youth, and that you might have found a more suitable representative to send out to Canada."

"I think we know our business, Maria," said Geoffrey Hayes dryly. "And I hope you'll have an extra good dinner to-night,

after breakfast she coaxed her father round the greenhouses, though he kept telling her he ought to be off to business.

"You don't want particularly to marry and leave your old dad, do you, Kitten?" he said, quite suddenly, as they emerged from one of the houses upon the sunny path through the walled garden.

Audrey stood still and laughed.

"Mamma's been saying something," she

THE QUIVER

said comically. "No, I don't want to marry anybody, darling. I want to stay here with you for ever and ever. Dear daddy, do try and persuade mamma to let me have the Girls' Club up for a long Saturday, and to ask Mrs. Secretan, and dear Miss Jane, and the little Courtney boys. I want to have them so badly, only she won't listen. Mayn't I have them?"

"Yes, certainly if you wish; when would you like it, this Saturday?"

"That would be the day after to-morrow; no, of course, there would not be time, but before the strawberries are over. Why, baskets of them are going to waste, and they would love it all so much. And can I have a Punch-and-Judy show up from Bradfield, and do just as I like about the games, and no preaching allowed?" She broke off out of breath, and Geoffrey Hayes indulgently smiled and promised that she should have her way. But he prudently did not speak to his wife about it that morning, knowing quite well that John Ridd for dinner would be sufficient cause of offence for one day. He sighed a little as he drove the swift thoroughbred down the hill to the station. He did not like the obligation to exercise a certain amount of diplomacy in his dealings with his wife. But her temper was uncertain, and she could make the whole house wretched for days when she had one of her fits of temper on. Hayes, himself, was a man of peace.

About three o'clock that afternoon, Mrs. Hayes drove into Midcar in the open Victoria drawn by her smartest pair. She did not ask Audrey to accompany her, nor was the child disappointed. She had asked some of the cottagers' children on the estate to tea in the barn, and her hands were full.

Mrs. Hayes found the Rector's wife at home, busy indeed in the garden, to which she had lately given much of her attention. The little cosy house was now as nearly perfect as house could be.

Helen, to whom six months of matrimony seemed to have imparted a more gracious charm, wore a simple gown of blue linen, embroidered in white by her own clever fingers. She had no hat on her head. Her glorious hair caught the sunlight in every mesh of it, and she had the loveliest, most delicate colour in her face. She was certainly a very pretty woman, and had an air of unusual distinction which caused in Mrs.

Hayes a sudden discontent with her own expensive clothes. A few shillings would have paid for Mrs. Secretan's gown, yet it was something decidedly out of the common. Helen heard the jingling of the bells on the harness, and came forward to the open French window of the study, where she saw the figure of Mrs. Hayes. There was a little dismay in her eyes, because she was alone to entertain her, and because Audrey was not with her mother.

But she greeted her pleasantly enough. Time was when Helen would have had no qualm about being "not at home" to Mrs. Hayes, but something in the new life was teaching her that sweet fine consideration for others which she saw exemplified daily in her sister-in-law's life, and in a less degree in her husband's. These six months had begun to work a slow but very gracious miracle in the heart of Helen Secretan, and she was happier than she had ever been in her life, or than she believed it possible for a human being to be. It was a strong, deep, secure happiness, built on the foundation of peace.

"Audrey did not come," she said with a smile, as she shook hands quite cordially with her visitor.

"No, she has a tribe of children to a barn-tea this afternoon, and I was glad of it. I rather wanted to have a nice little private talk with you. Is the Rector at home?"

"No, he has gone away to Essex, to my old home, to see to a little business for me. Would you like tea in the garden? or shall we have it just here on the veranda? I am so proud of the veranda, Mrs. Hayes. Don't you think it a great improvement to the back of the house?"

"Yes, it is, and your house is really very pretty, Mrs. Secretan," said Mrs. Hayes graciously. "I am often saying to Mr. Hayes what changes you have made, and how the Rector must appreciate them."

Helen smiled and rang the bell. When Bates appeared she asked for tea to be brought at once.

"That is an excellent page-boy. What good manners he has! I suppose he was trained in some big house, and will pass on to be an under-footman soon. If you ever part with him, be sure you let me know."

"Bates has never been in any big house,"

LOVE'S BARRIER

said Helen amusedly. "He was our green-grocer's boy at Colchester, and I trained him myself. I don't think he has any ambition towards a footman's place. And it is a great comfort to me that he never seems to grow any bigger. Are these not lovely days? and how quickly one forgets the long, cold spring. Did you ever see anything so lovely as the moor just now? I'm afraid I spend a great many idle hours on it."

"Yes, it is very nice indeed. I noticed the colouring as I drove down this afternoon. Will you be going away for a holiday in August?"

"We may just take a week at the sea if we can get away, and if Miss Secretan can be persuaded to accompany us."

"You and Miss Secretan are very good friends. I have always thought her rather a difficult person, though I must say she seems to have done a great deal for Tom Courtney. I hear on every hand that he is a different man. I was only saying the other day to Mr. Hayes, what a good thing it would be if he would marry her."

Helen's colour rose, and at the moment Bates appeared to lay the cloth. By the time he had retired again, she had recovered herself.

"Don't you think it would be a good thing for her? The Courtneys are a very good old family, what they call yeomen in the West Riding, and Geoffrey says he is quite well off."

"Did Mr. Hayes think it would be a good thing for my sister-in-law, too?" inquired Helen rather curiously.

"Well, no, he didn't, he said she was far too good for him."

"Well, that's just what I think, Mrs. Hayes," said Helen with that little touch of hauteur she could so well assume when she wanted to check familiarity or change an unwelcome subject.

"Have you seen the Duchess lately?" inquired Mrs. Hayes, as she took the cup from Helen's hand, incidentally noticing what a beautiful old piece of china it was, and how exquisitely in keeping with all the appointments of the table.

"Yes, I saw her yesterday. She goes off for her annual cure the day after to-morrow."

"Where is she going, do you know?" inquired Mrs. Hayes with unmistakable eagerness. Helen immediately became evasive.

"She has discovered some new little place in the Vosges mountains, I believe, a place with an unpronounceable name."

"How long will she be gone?"

"About six weeks, I suppose, then she will go out in the late autumn to her daughter, Lady Lipstoke, whose husband has a ranch in California."

"Then she is not returning to Mardocks for the winter?"

"No, I think not."

"How very sorry everyone will be," said Mrs. Hayes sincerely enough. "May I say something to you about Audrey, Mrs. Secretan?"

CHAPTER XVII

HIS OWN WIFE

HELEN'S lips instantly smiled.

"Why, yes, of course, there is nothing I should like better. I am very fond of Audrey, Mrs. Hayes."

"It is because I know you are that I came to-day. I am seriously concerned about the child's future, and really Mr. Hayes is so unpractical about everything outside the works, I have simply no one to consult with."

"But what is the matter with Audrey? I am sure she is perfectly happy. She comes in here like a singing bird or a bit of sunshine. We are always the better for her coming. She looks well, too, the picture of health. What is there to trouble about?"

"Well, you see, Audrey is nineteen, and she has never been properly brought out. And she is very like her father in his unpractical ways. She's a perfect Socialist in some things. As I said to her father this morning, she would much rather entertain the Girls' Club to tea than meet decent society. And I'm so afraid she may get into an undesirable entanglement."

"But Audrey is not at all that kind of girl, Mrs. Hayes," said Helen perplexedly. "She simply never thinks about men, for I suppose it is men you mean."

"Yes, of course, there could not be an entanglement of any other kind that would seriously matter. Audrey is not a flirt, certainly, and in some things she is ridiculously young, but she's impressionable, too. Let me tell you. There is a young man at the works called John Ridd, of whom my



"I thought I could rely on you, dear Mrs. Secretan."

husband thinks very highly. He has just told me that he may be a partner some day. He is considerably older than Audrey, and unfortunately when we were at Filey last summer, he happened to be spending his holiday at Scarborough, and, invited by Mr. Hayes, he often came about with us. Audrey was allowed to go out a good deal alone with him. I was not at all well, the sea did not suit my gout, and I had to be indoors a good deal. And I must say I thought a sober-minded sort of elderly young man like John Ridd was perfectly safe. There is no doubt he fell in love with her. No, of course, he did not say anything to her, he would not have dared, I fancy, without speaking to her father first, but he managed to make an impression on her. She says she likes him better than any man in the world except her father and Mr. Secretan."

Helen smiled.

"And what does Mr. Hayes think about it? Audrey has never mentioned John

Ridd's name to me, so I don't think his image can be very deeply engraven on her heart. She talks to me about most things."

"I thought she did, and that's why I've made bold to ask your advice and help with Audrey. You see how it is with us here," said Mrs. Hayes plaintively. "We have not really the kind of society we ought to have, the kind of families into which I should like to see Audrey married. You'll admit, won't you, that she would grace any station?"

"Yes, certainly she would, but she is very young. Let the child have her youth. She will never be as happy again in the world as she is now."

Helen spoke with a kind of quiet passion, which would have impressed a less frivolous and selfish woman than Mrs. Hayes. But she, passing by that warning note, hastened on to the business in hand.

"Audrey ought to have her chance. I had a very good mind to speak to the Duchess at the garden party last week, but she was

LOVE'S BARRIER

kept so busy with her guests, I didn't have a chance. But she has always seemed interested in Audrey, and she has met her here a good deal."

"She thinks her a sweet child, as everyone does. Let her be as she is as long as possible, Mrs. Hayes," pleaded Helen. "There are so few like her, we can't afford to have her spoiled."

"But she needn't be changed in any way, though she were to have more chances. What I should like would be to see her presented at Court next spring, and come really out in London."

"Well, that would not be so very difficult, surely. So many people go now, don't they?" said Helen vaguely.

"Yes, I suppose they do, but living so quietly as we do up here on these moors, and Mr. Hayes being so void of ambitions of that kind, I am simply blocked. I mean I can't do it unless I have somebody to help me. I thought I could rely on you, dear Mrs. Secretan."

"But I am nobody," said Helen quickly. "I should be abjectly useless."

"But you have been to Court, haven't you?"

"Yes, about ten years ago, in a borrowed frock one of my cousins lent me. I was frightfully bored, and I never was so cold in the whole of my life I think as when waiting in a hired carriage in the Mall, in a March snowstorm."

"These are small things when weighed against the distinction of being received by the Queen. Where do you think I could get anybody to present Audrey?"

"Wouldn't Lady Durham do it? She's the wife of the Lord-Lieutenant, isn't she? and Mr. Hayes is an influential man in the county."

"She wouldn't, she has snubbed me. Lady Durham is not at all the kind of person from whom one could ask the smallest favour," said Mrs. Hayes eagerly, willing to confess something in her desire to win her way with Helen. "What I should like, and I wonder whether it would be too much to ask, is if you would interest the Duchess in the matter, and—and, perhaps, some day when it would be quite convenient for herself, she might be so good as to present Audrey."

Helen's eyes became round with amazement.

"The Duchess has not been to Court for over twenty years, not since she became a widow, I am certain."

"But she would always have the entry, and I am sure she would do it if you asked her."

Helen shook her head.

"I could mention it to her, but I am as certain as I sit here she would refuse."

"Dear Mrs. Secretan, if only you would mention it I have great faith in your powers of persuasion, and of course you are very intimate, aren't you?"

"Yes, I suppose we are. But now she is leaving Mardocks, and nobody knows when she will come back—that is not going to be of much use to any of us."

"But she must have a wide circle. She might use her influence," said Mrs. Hayes, eagerly pressing the matter beyond the limits of courtesy. Unless she had been wilfully blind she must have seen that Helen was now listening with reluctance and evident dislike.

"I'm afraid I can't do much," she said finally. "If I get a chance before the Duchess leaves I can just mention it to her, but frankly I don't think it is the smallest use. She belongs to the very old school, and I have often heard her claim at the present elasticity of Court etiquette. I don't think she would care to go any more."

"Ah, but one never knows, and if you will just bear the dear child in mind I shall be for ever grateful. Well, as you are alone to-night, won't you come back with me and dine? Then you will see John Ridd. It will not be formal, I shall not even wear a low dress."

"Thank you, but it is impossible, Mrs. Hayes. My husband will be home by the late train I expect, and I should not like him to find me out of the house."

"What a devoted wife you are!" said Mrs. Hayes admiringly. "But don't spoil the Rector. The best of them are easily spoiled. Well I must go. We are going to Marienbad next month. At least Mr. Hayes has consented to my taking a foreign cure; I am looking forward to enjoying it, and it will be good for Audrey, too. I understand Marienbad is very full and very fashionable in August."

"I have never been there," answered Helen. "But I dare say you will meet all sorts and conditions of people."

THE QUIVER

Helen laughed in the depths of her old *prie-Dieu*, after the scheming mother had left the house. She was so transparent in her scheming that a child could see through her. Presently, however, her thoughts flowed into more dear and intimate channels, and she owned to herself how empty the house was without her husband. He had not been gone more than thirty-six hours, and she found herself counting the hours till his return. Her face even flushed a little softly, and her eyes became luminous, as she admitted it to herself. Should she tell him, she wondered? Some day soon the veil must be lifted. The love which was growing up in her heart, a strong and gracious power, must soon assert itself. Sometimes she caught herself wishing that his reserve and self-control were less admirable. He had kept his promise to her in the spirit and in the letter, and she knew that he waited for the first advance to come from her. She was in no haste. She was living now in a delectable land of hope and promise, and could wait for fulfilment. Sometimes Jane, who loved her so well, watching the sweet face in the Rectory pew, discerned there a new tenderness, a something that robbed every feature of the hardness which had marred it when she came first to Midcar. And she kept on praying, first, that God would reveal Himself to Helen's soul, and that through the miracle of divine love, she might begin to understand the human. Jane was not a very great or learned woman, but she was wise with the wisdom which can create the joy of life.

She saw, without making the smallest remark, that the power of the religious life was beginning to be exercised over Helen, and that she took pleasure in what had formerly been a duty. Secretan had been very careful not to press the advantage he had gained, and professing himself to be grateful for the concession she had made forbore to advance any claim for personal consideration. These weeks had not been without their lesson for Secretan also. All his life the spirit of selfishness had been paramount, and oddly fostered by his immediate environment; now he had to think continually of the comfort and convenience, even of the caprice of another. He became more patient, more tolerant, more considerate in every relation of his life. His naturally quick temper often flamed

yet, but the flame did not disturb Helen's equanimity. It was a generous temper, always ready to make amends, and without a trace of vindictiveness in its composition. Very gradually these two so strangely wed were being led by a way they knew not towards a more perfect understanding. But the realisation of a thousand lovely hopes was not to be accomplished without a descent into the depths of human anguish.

The late train arrived at Midcar station at ten minutes to nine o'clock. When Secretan stepped off it, and his keen eyes swept the platform without however any expectation of seeing his wife there, Helen stepped forward from the doorway of a cheerfully lighted waiting-room, and touched his arm as he was about to stride into the booking-office.

"Here I am, dear! I had been in the house, at least in the garden, most of the day. I thought I would like a walk."

There was a certain shyness in her speech which was exquisite. She had to apologise for her disposition to offer him a wifely welcome.

His face flushed, he passed over his ticket, and drew her hand through his arm.

"Thank you very much. It's the first time you've met me, Helen, of your own accord, isn't it?"

"Oh, don't say that! Well, and are you very tired? How is old Colchester looking, and how did you find Cynthia?"

"Colchester looks charming, and so, I must say, does Mrs. Revell. She sent you her love."

"Was she very much surprised to see you?"

"She did not say, and we discussed the business quite amicably. She wishes to sell the house. She thinks it too big for her."

"But I don't want to sell it, Claude. It could be let quite as profitably. Besides, I know exactly what will happen if she gets the responsibility of the house off her shoulders. These poor children won't have a home anywhere. Don't you see the house is a sort of anchor for her to keep her from wandering on the Continent and elsewhere?"

"I see your point perfectly, but I don't really think she will be kept from wandering in her present mood. She is thoroughly disgusted with Colchester and all its ways."

"That's because she has put herself



"There in the soft midsummer moonlight on the threshold of their own home, was their real betrothal"—p. 723.

THE QUIVER

outside the pale, in a sense. People don't like her, she has never cultivated the best people, and now the others have got tired of her. Was anything arranged, then?"

"When I got there I found that Mrs. Revell had practically made her own plans. She has let the house furnished for August and September, and is going to Marienbad or Wiesbaden or some other of the health resorts."

"And the children?"

"She was to send them to Margate with Betty the nurse girl; you will remember Betty—she asked almost tearfully for you."

"I remember Betty perfectly, of course. She was the general drudge; so the poor things are to go to Margate with Betty! You see what an irresponsible creature Cynthia is. She simply doesn't see that these wretched children spell duty for her."

"I must admit she takes them very casually. Well, as I couldn't bear the idea of them going like that, and they asked so—so affectionately for you, I proposed that Mrs. Revell should send them here for the two months the house is let."

"You did, Claude, without ever consulting me!" she cried with a little gasp.

"I thought it the right thing to do," he answered quite calmly. "After all they are your father's children, and besides they are dear little things. They only want a little guiding. You don't mind, do you?"

"You take my breath away. I'm not sure whether I mind or not. Geoffrey and Margot trapesing over my pretty house, and trampling down my rose beds! Did she agree then?"

"Yes, they will be here next Monday, by this very train."

"Why, Claude, you are very masterful. How did you dare to make such an arrangement without consulting me?"

"I thought it the best one in the circumstances. They can run wild on the moor, and when you tire of them you can send them up to Jane. There isn't anything else we can do about the house in the meantime. Perhaps we could both go down to Colchester after Mrs. Revell returns, and try to arrive at some definite arrangement about things. If she can find a purchaser she is determined to sell. One can see that. And in Colchester, apparently, there is a good demand for houses."

"Yes, of course, there are not enough to

go round, but I don't want the house sold. I shall hold out against it as long as I can."

"The matter isn't urgent in the meantime at least, and that urgent letter of Mrs. Revell's didn't mean anything. You need not have alarmed yourself about it. I felt quite sorry for her. Perhaps if she had had some wiser friends to advise her, she would have been a different woman."

Helen stole a side glance at him, and perceived that Cynthia had not woven her spell in vain. To pose as a misunderstood and unappreciated creature had become an art with her. A slightly bitter smile destroyed for an instant the sweetness of Helen's mouth. Once more she derided in her soul the lack of perspicacity in man. As Ann Coyne truly said, they were all babies from start to finish.

"Now tell me what you have been about all day?" said Secretan tenderly.

"Presently, I haven't done with Cynthia yet. Did she say anything about me?"

"Why, yes. She spent a good deal of time talking about you."

"But that was unnecessary. You should not have allowed her to go on. She would not say anything kind about me."

"On the contrary, she was all kindness, and I really believe that she misses you. I asked her to come here when she returned to England, and take the children back with her, and she seemed quite grateful for the suggestion."

"Claude, how could you, how dared you? You don't know Cynthia. She would be quite capable of coming here, and if she happened to feel pretty comfortable, would think nothing of settling down for the winter with us."

Secretan's laugh rolled out on the fragrant dark of the midsummer night.

"I think we might be able to shift her before she attached herself like a limpet to our rock. Let's dismiss Cynthia. I want to know what you've been about since I've been away."

"Yesterday I was most of the day at Mardocks helping the Duchess to pack. To-day I have been in the garden up till tea-time, when the deluge descended in the shape of Mrs. Hayes, bursting with a new project that Audrey shall be presented next spring by the Duchess."

"Good for Madame Hayes! She came to enlist your good offices, I suppose?"

"LOVE IS OF GOD"

"Yes, and while I did not altogether nip her in the bud, I explained that her ambition was unlikely to be realised, at least so far as the Duchess is concerned. She is afraid Audrey makes an undesirable matrimonial venture. It seems there is one John Ridd."

"I have met John Ridd at High Ridges, a very fine fellow, but certainly, from her mother's point of view, Audrey might do better."

They crossed slantwise through the village and arrived without further speech at the Rectory gate. It looked so sweet and home-like in the moonlight that Secretan's heart swelled within him with a quickened sense of gratitude.

"A man never knows the true inwardness and dearness of his home till he has seen other places, that are homeless," he said in a sudden full tone which stirred Helen's heart. Her hand trembled on his arm. She made a little sudden movement which he did not understand. They came presently to the open door and lingered a moment

on the step. The moonlight fell full on Helen's face, and Secretan's eyes scanning her every feature was thrilled once more by its beauty. There was an expression there he had not seen before, and which made him put an anxious question.

"You are not tired, are you, darling?" he asked with a sudden passionate tenderness. "It was very sweet to see you at the station, but I did not expect it, and it was not even necessary."

"Perhaps I thought it was," she said wistfully, then suddenly, without a moment's warning she turned and threw herself upon his breast.

Secretan's arms closed upon her, and his face bent inquiringly to hers, his breath came quick and fast. There in the soft midsummer moonlight on the threshold of their own home, was their real betrothal. Love had stolen unawares, and secretly, into Helen's heart, and now sweeping everything before it, would have its own.

[END OF CHAPTER SEVENTEEN]



"LOVE IS OF GOD"

SAY not True Love can ever die,
'Tis firm as God's own name;
A part of Him from Whom it came,
And lives eternally.

Call that not Love which seeks its own
Before another's good,
Which changes with each varying mood,
Awhile was here—to-day has flown.

Nay! If on life's wild, stormy sea,
Or rough and thorny way,
In Love (from God's pure Love a ray),
Two hearts united be,

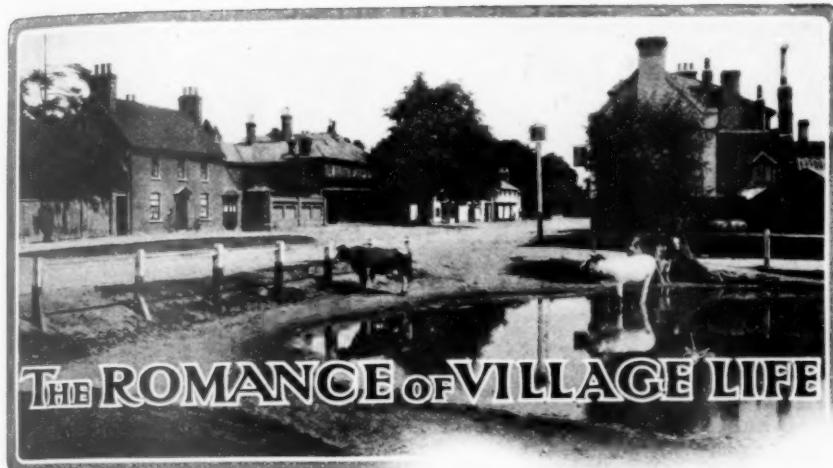
Not death itself can quench the flame
Kindled from that blest Love;
True Love lives on in realms above,
Eternally the same.

E. F. BRYAN.



VILLAGE GOSSIP.

(Photo Study by Col. J. Gale.)



(Photo: F. Mason Good.)

By the Rev. P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

DURING the last few years there has been much increase in the interest taken in the old villages of England. They have been "discovered." We who have lived all our lives in rural England have known and loved them all the time. We have liked to lie down on the meadows in view of some ancient village church, some grand old manor house, and, like Thomas Chatterton, to see visions and dream dreams of the old-time romance of village life, to people the place with its bygone residents, and try to understand the sort of life they led in the far-off times of long ago. And as we have painted the pictures of old-time scenes, others have come clustering around us, as people will do around the easel of a wandering artist, however bad the daub, and found that, after all, there was something of interest in the rustic hamlet, unspoilt, as yet, by innovating hands, something that overgrown towns and unsightly suburbs failed to give them. Perhaps the invasion of our villages by the rushing motor-car may have done something to remind the world of our existence. Perhaps the large and increasing number of monographs on the history of villages, sometimes unintentional "romances," and not very good history, has helped to dispel

popular ignorance concerning English village life. At any rate, the village has attained to some popularity, except with some of those who live in it, and we have awakened from our sleep to find ourselves famous.

"Village life is so dull," says the city dame. Dull! It can never be dull to those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand. Visit a typical English village, and see how beautiful it is. Compare it with those you have seen in other countries, and you will appreciate its charm and picturesqueness. But it has to be known in order to be loved. It does not force itself upon your notice. The hasty visitor may pass it by and miss half its attractiveness. It has to be wooed in varying moods in order that it may display its charms: when the blossoms are bright in the village orchards, when the sun shines on the streams and pools, and gleams on the glories of old thatch, when Autumn has tinged the trees with golden tints, or when the hoarfrost makes their bare branches beautiful again with new and glistening foliage.

Beautiful as it is, romance makes it a thousand times more fair. Look at that beautiful old manor house, how full of grace and charm it is, standing in its old-fashioned garden, surrounded by rare

THE QUIVER

blendings of art and nature in park and pleasure. It broods in its old age over many scenes of by-gone history, over the memories of sire and grandsire, and retains vivid recollections of the vigorous old squire who reared his walls in Tudor times, and saw carefully to the carving of his and his dame's initials over the doorway: R. D. and E. D. 1595 A.D. This manor house reminds us of the old manorial history of the village, of the Saxon gentleman who was turned out of his estate by some Norman adventurer in the Conqueror's days, of the life of the village community, with its common fields and pastures, which survive almost to our day in lot meadows or Lammas lands.

Within a stone's throw of the manor house is the village church, the centre of the old village life. Its grey tower has looked down upon generation after generation of the inhabitants, and seems to say: "*Je suis, Je reste.* All things change but I. I see the infant brought here to be christened. A few years pass: the babe has grown to be an old man, and is borne here, and sleeps under my shadow. Age after age passes, but I survive." One of the most graceful of English writers tells tenderly of this sense of the stability of our village life: "On the morning of Charles I.'s execution—in the winters and springs when Elizabeth was Queen—when Becket lay dead on Canterbury steps—when Harold was on his way to Senlac—that hill, that path were there—sheep were climbing it, and shepherds were herding them. It has been so since England began—it will be so when I am dead. We are only shadows that pass. But England lives always—and shall live."

The modern villager, like his betters,



(Photo: F. Marion Good.)
THE OLD VILLAGE STOCKS AT ODIHAM, HANTS.

takes his pleasures seriously. There is not too much of recreation in rural England. We wish there were more, more pleasures of a harmless and sober, simple type. The rustic has rather lost the power of appreciating the simple pastimes and pleasures that delighted his sire. The "revel" was a grand function in former days. The village green was the scene of this rural merrymaking. There were stalls set up, and the villagers danced to

the sound of pipe and tabor, and there were races and climbing a greasy pole. But the great event was the backsword playing or quarter-staff when the "champions" came from the surrounding districts and the first who drew blood from the head of his antagonist was declared victor. The writer has known one of these "champions," old James of Sandhurst; but old Lee, a gipsy friend, who died 110 years old, could remember someone who defeated him.

That old house near the church is called the Church House, wherein Church Ales were held. Churches and ales do not usually go well together in these days, because people abuse the use of ales, and do not frequent the other. But Church Ales were regular parish feasts, and brought people together, and made them friendly and neighbourly. Farmers gave malt to the churchwardens, who brewed beer in their own vats, and sold it to the company. Every farm and manor house had its own brewery, and people did not buy barrels from big firms; they brewed their ale themselves; so it was pure and not adulterated, and did not make you thirsty and eager to drink more. Then other people brought all manner of things—joints of meat, pasties, pies, and furmery, and these

THE ROMANCE OF VILLAGE LIFE

were cooked before the roaring fires at the Church House, and sold at a moderate cost to the villagers and their friends. So there was much profit, and this was devoted to some pious or useful purpose. Moreover, the youngsters enjoyed dancing, and there were bowling and shooting with bows and arrows at the butts or targets, while the old folk looked on, and chatted together, and told of their own skill in the days of their youth.

The dances were real dances, not going round and round in silly waltzes and polkas. They were the old English country dances, with elaborate figures and song-tunes, which the dancers sang, as they danced, quaint old ditties, such as "The Maid of the Mill," or "Bob and Joan," or "The Willow Tree."

In former days, each season of the year brought its pastimes. May Day, Plough Monday, Hock-tide, and Shrove-tide, and Christmas, with its mumming, and harvest-tide, were all observed with their accustomed sports and merry-makings. Rural life was diversified by these varied pastimes.

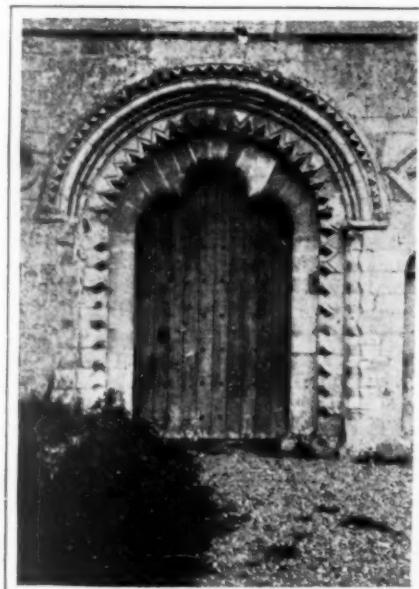
The folk-drama lingered on in many places, requiring much rehearsing, and Shakespeare only satirised what he had seen when he represented the antics of Bottom the Weaver and his company in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

This road that runs straight through the village is an old Roman road, and has echoed with the tread of armed legionaries, and a very strange and motley crowd has tramped along it during the ages: pedlars laden with petty wares; pil-

grims to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, or to that of Our Lady at Walsingham, begging as they went; merchants going to attend a fair or market; preaching friars, pardoners, minstrels, jugglers with performing bears, and a host of other strange creatures, may be seen tramping along that quiet road. It crosses a river just outside the village. The County Council has just ordered the destruction of the ancient bridge, which has stood there for centuries with its graceful arches and massive cut-waters, and the ruins of an ancient chapel, wherein all the pilgrims along the road went to pray for the safety of their journey. They might well pray, as the roads were not always very safe. The wild woodlands that extended far and wide were the abode of outlaws, thieves and malefactors of all kinds, who thought nothing of robbing a merchant's pack, or of killing a wayfarer for the sake of his purse and cloak. The stocks that still stand in our village, and the whipping post, were for such rogues and vagabonds; but the race

throve in spite of the law's severity, and every bush harboured a thief, as they used to say on the Chiltern Hills, and a steward was appointed with a salary of £1 a year to catch the outlaws. This being a salaried office, a Member of Parliament who wishes to resign his seat accepts the stewardship, and thus renders his membership void.

The old inn yonder, nigh the village green, has seen better days. It is still a very picturesque structure, with its three gables and tiled roof and half-tim-



THE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH: NORMAN GATEWAY AT
CLYMPING, NEAR LITTLEHAMPTON.

THE QUIVER

bered front, while the good sign, "The Bell," creaks in the wind and hangs from as finely wrought iron scroll-work as you will see anywhere in England. It was made by the village blacksmith, who in former days was an artist as well as a maker of horses' shoes. Time was when that inn was all bustle and life, when twenty coaches passed every day, and the stable yard was full of posting chariots and riding horses, and pack-horses, and horses with a huge twin saddle, on which the farmer used to take his buxom wife to market. The stable yard is silent now, and the inn has few but local visitors, but you can see in the yard a gallery running round it. This was used by the spectators in olden days when they wished to see the performance of strolling minstrels, and was the first idea and genesis of a theatre, the gallery still retaining its name.

Our village is very peaceful now. The summer sun is shining; the carters have left their horses and wagons under the poplar trees by the inn door, and are regaling themselves within; the ducks on the village pond seem too lazy to swim. But it has had many exciting times in its history, and witnessed many stirring events. Indeed, the memories of the villagers retain traditions of scenes long past. A lady in Oxfordshire talks sometimes with a rustic, now nearly ninety years of age, who conversed with one Robert Spendlow, who carried bread to the Pretender's followers in 1745.

In Oxfordshire time is of no account. Men live to a great age, and retain their memory and vitality, and can tell of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers who hob-a-nobbed with Cromwell's soldiers at Burford, and shouted welcome to Charles the First and his queen when they came to visit the fountains at Enstone.

A fine ghost story lingers on at Charlbury, of "a very wicked nobleman who stayed at Cornbury. Coming back from the hunt at nightfall, he saw, in the main ride, the ghost of her as he ought to have married, but some say he'd murdered; and the ghost came to him, and told him

'in ten days he'd be with her.' Then he went on to the house, took ill, and in ten days he died."

The old woman who told this story was quite ignorant of the *dramatis persona* or the date of the episode thus handed down by popular tradition. The wicked nobleman was Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; the ghost was Amy Robsart, and the Earl's sudden death was caused by poison administered by his second wife Lettice. If you go to Cornbury you may, perhaps, see the ghost of Amy Robsart, who still haunts the entrance drive.

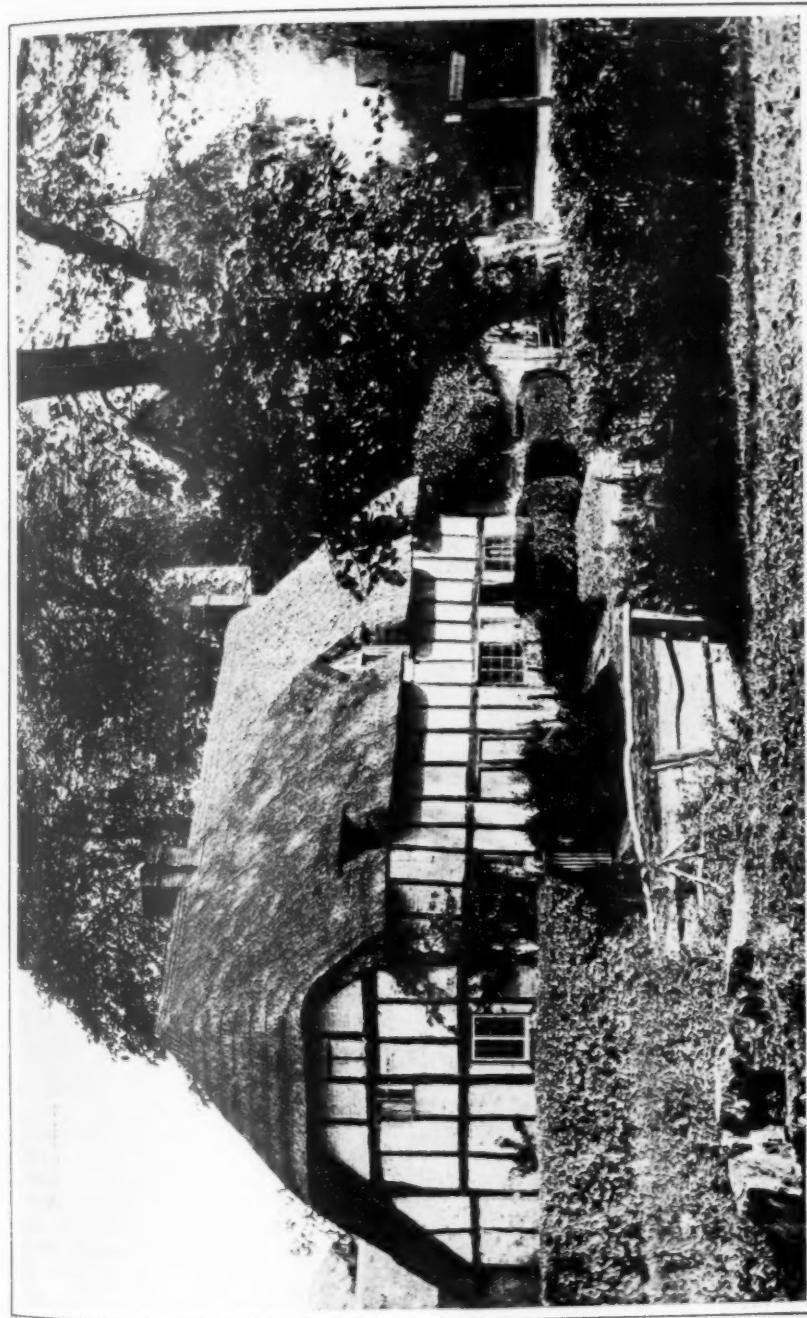
Along that road imagination sees a thousand packhorses conveying the goods of Lancashire merchants to Stourbridge Fair.

A Roman milestone may still be seen just outside the village. The rustics know all about it, but they will tell you that the "Roman Catholics" once used to worship there. Fights and forays have disturbed our quietude, and sometimes the spectres of armed knights and warriors are supposed to haunt these scenes of ancient slaughter. You can see some curious marks on the church tower. That is where the archers of England used to sharpen their arrows, which did such execution on many a battlefield.

On the summit of the tower is a curious bit of ironwork. It is a cresset, and was used as a beacon to give warning in times of national danger.

When the Spaniards threatened England in the days of the Armada, that light flashed on the message, and roused the people to defend their homes and country. A hundred years ago that beacon was ready with its message when Napoleon threatened our shores. It may be needed again when another enemy arrives, though telegraphy has, perhaps, superseded its use.

A wealth of interest lies beneath the calm exterior of ordinary village life. To the casual observer the picture may seem dull and commonplace, and painted in grey, drab colours, but romance tinges it with golden tints, and gives it an ever-enduring charm.



AN OLD VILLAGE HOME.

Fiennes and the Clothes Basket

The Story of an Ordinary Young Man

By BRENDA ELIZABETH SPENDER

NORMAN FIENNES was a very ordinary young man indeed. He had kind, grey eyes, set in a rather pale face, and a fairly large, straight nose, which, though it gave him an air of having far more self-assertion than he really possessed, was yet not important enough to be actually impressive, and to gain him reputation, place, and power, as a truly fine nose can. He had been a lithe and flaxen boy ; as a man, he had a thick crop of somewhat colourless hair, which stood up in a shocked and rebellious fashion whenever it was permitted to attain any length, a tall, broad-shouldered figure, and hands and feet which seemed to be a perpetual surprise to him, for he never learned how to manage them with any appearance of ease.

Circumstances and an adaptable and patient nature had made him a solicitor, and his work had finally brought him to the ancient cathedral city of Thereford, where he managed the practice of an elderly and erratic gentleman, who eventually took him into partnership in everything but profits and work, for though of the former he scarcely got a fair proportion, with regard to the latter his partner was generous in the extreme. It was just at this period in his career that his father died, leaving his widow with a house in the far-away Northern town where Norman's boyhood had been spent, and a small annuity which, though it sufficed for all her needs, left scarcely a crumb to fall to her daughters' share.

There were three daughters, all older than Norman ; all good girls, who held that a woman's place is in her home, and, having held it firmly and acted upon it during their father's lifetime, saw no reason now to change either their principles or practice.

They were very kind—sent their brother frequent hampers full of apples and home-made cake, which he ate reverently for their sakes, and insisted upon his posting his socks home every week, that they might mend them, and never imagined

for one moment that these kindnesses did not completely requite their one and only brother for the few slight sacrifices necessarily entailed upon him by the fact that out of his income, which was only a very usual one, he sent home a sufficient allowance to keep them all three in moderate comfort and great respectability beside the maternal hearth. It never occurred to them to notice, when he paid his mother his usual yearly visit, that, as Norman grew older, and passed his thirtieth birthday, some of the light died out of the kind, grey eyes, and left them a trifle wistful ; neither did they happen to observe that he grew rather more careless of his personal appearance than most men of his age are apt to become, wore unnecessarily old suits and easy collars ; in fact, without intending for one moment to do it, plainly demonstrated to seeing eyes that he was a man for whom personal hopes and ambitions had ceased to exist. No doubt, he had once possessed such things, but they had materialised rather late for him, and had never centred themselves about one particular figure until he had become too well aware of the limitations of his own prospects in life to do more than dream of their fulfilment. So he reached his thirty-second year ; then the miraculous, the unbelievable, occurred—his eldest sister married !

Norman, in true brotherly fashion, was astonished ; he was also glad for her sake, but did not diminish the value of the cheques which travelled North as regularly as quarter-day came round. He had always regretted that his sisters must be a little pinched if both ends were to meet, and was pleased to think that now the two remaining at home would have a better time. Besides, as he put it to himself, the sum which he might have subtracted without making things worse for them than before Miss Fiennes' marriage was too small to make any alteration in his own possibilities.

But another surprise was waiting for him.

FIENNES AND THE CLOTHES BASKET

The second Miss Fiennes went to visit the married Miss Fiennes in her new home. They were neither of them pretty, just big, fair-haired ladies, very capable in the house, and the married Miss Fiennes was a great success. Her husband was indeed made happy, and his great friend, the vicar of a neighbouring parish, had apparently looked on his domestic bliss with an envious and appreciative eye; and when a second Miss Fiennes—just like the other one, warranted by every evidence of sight and hearing to be just as capable, kind, and good—appeared upon the happy horizon of his friend's home, he proposed to her within three weeks, and was accepted upon the recommendation of her sister, her brother-in-law, and her own sound common sense. She wrote to tell Norman the news, and was, as usual, practical. "I am so glad," she said, "to think that all you send home will now be available for poor, darling Jessie, for she is such a delicate creature that it always seems—doesn't it?—as if no amount of comfort or even luxury could ever be too much for her."

Norman folded the letter with a thoughtful look upon his face, but he wrote the usual figures in his cheque-book next quarter-day, and only sighed once, and that very softly, as he filled in the counterfoil.

A year passed, and then the surprise of all surprises came to pass. Jessie Fiennes' godmother died, and left her a comfortable little fortune, and Norman suddenly found himself in the strange and unaccustomed position of possessing all his own income, and having not a soul in the world for whom he needed to work or stint himself



"He stood and thought . . . dreaming of Katarine."

any more. At first, the idea gave him almost a shock; it was a thing he had never even dreamed of in his wildest moments.

He felt lonely, and then the thought of his own future, and what it might become, swept over him. If it were not too late! He caught his breath, and sprang up from the breakfast table, where the great news had come to him among the morning's letters. As he rose, rose also his reflection in the smudgy mirror behind the chiffonier, and the sight of the strange, new light in his eyes brought the red flush out upon his face from chin to forehead. He stood and thought, his elbow upon the mantelpiece among the cheap ornaments

of his lodging-house sitting-room, and made himself late for the office for the first time in many years, dreaming of Katarine—Katarine, whom he first remembered as a tall schoolgirl, with a pigtail and a satchel. He had not thought much about her then, but later, when she came back from her finishing school at Brussels, he had begun to understand, as he had phrased it to himself, "some of the funny things the poet Johnnies say."

Then there came the day when she caught diphtheria from some of her father's pauper patients to whom she had insisted on playing lady bountiful, and her life was in danger. Then he came to know his own mind fully. Stupid with his pain, he had inquired for her day by day, hugging the poor hope they gave him to his heart through sleepless nights, and when she got better, and they let him see her again, he nearly broke down as he held her thin little hand in his, and tried to tell her in his blundering fashion that he was glad, and not to let her

THE QUIVER

know how glad, because he had no right to tell her that. It was at about that time that the wistful look which his sisters failed to notice crept into his honest eyes.

He had put aside so resolutely for three long, dull years the thought of a home of his own, with Katarine there to make it a heaven, that now, when he found himself so unexpectedly a free man, it was almost too difficult to be realised. All he knew was that he must go to her. To a more subtle-minded man it might have occurred that their long acquaintanceship would scarcely serve instead of a wooing, but he saw the end alone, and that was everything. He had loved her so long that it never occurred to him to imagine that she was unaware of it. It had required every atom of strength of honour that he owned to keep him from telling her, and now that the gag was taken from his lips it was a physical impossibility that he should not speak, and speak to-day.

There could be nothing strange in his calling there that afternoon. He would go, and if he had but one moment alone with Katarine, she should know all that had been hidden so long in his heart.

It happened to be a Saturday, when, by time-honoured custom, the offices in Thereford are closed punctually at half-past one by eager clerks and office boys unwilling to lose a moment of their holiday.

Even a lover, and an eager one at that, could hardly persuade himself that half-past one was not too early an hour at which to pay an afternoon call; but Fiennes was too excited, too impatient, to pass the hours

which must intervene in dull inaction. He went back to his rooms, made a hasty lunch, caught up a cap and a stick, and went out determined to wile the time away with a brisk walk. He had no intention of going in the direction of Katarine's home, and when he found himself walking in that direction, laughed for the very lightness of his heart and turned into a side street. He strode along at a swinging pace, his head in the air, his mind far away from his present surroundings, in a world where a man busy all day in a tiresome office yet might know with a warmth at his heart that home awaited for him, and at night might open his hall door—his own hall door! Why, that was a funny thing; it had never occurred to him before that every man who had a home had a hall door! It was your very own hall door, too, and nobody else had any right

to open it, unless you let them; and all inside was yours—your castle, your secret garden, your shrine, where you brought all the best that was in you, and put it down, and shut that same hall door against the grime and slime and coarseness and hoarseness of the outside world. Then someone, who had been waiting for you, came and put dear, soft hands on yours, and told you things—anything, sense or nonsense, it didn't matter, because her voice was so sweet, and it was home! He spared a few thoughts of pity for all the poor fellows who never could be welcomed by Katarine, and then grew horribly dejected as the fear that she would never welcome him caught at his heart. There might be someone else whom she liked better—



"I beg your pardon."

FIENNES AND THE CLOTHES BASKET

He broke off sharp, to apologise to someone or something into which, in his heedless hurry, he had very nearly stumbled.

"I beg your pardon." Norman grabbed at his cap, looked down, and found that he had been wasting his apologies upon a very large clothes basket, full, and covered with a blue print cloth, which occupied the pavement at his feet. An exceedingly small girl, sitting upon the bottom step of a flight leading to a house near by, was apparently the guardian of the clothes basket, but their relative sizes were such that he looked round without premeditation for someone else. The child recalled him.

"My eye, it's lucky for you you didn't shove your little fairy feet on to them shirts!"

Fiennes looked at her again. She was certainly very small, in figure a doubtful ten, in face decidedly thirty—and a sharp, dark-eyed, pinched, elderly kind of thirty at that. She wore her hair in two thin pigtails, each tied with half a shoe lace, and a piece of pink flannelette, fastened round her neck with a large, brass safety pin, together with a red look about the end of her small, sharp nose, and a certain huskiness of the voice suggested chronic sore-throat. The steam of many washing days seemed to have enveloped her, and her whole appearance was eloquent of dampness and discomfort. Yet she was self-possessed.

"Lor', but you didn't arf give me a turn!" She stooped to re-tie the laces of a pair of boots, which, if they were originally purchased for their present owner, must have been bought with regard to her age, and not her development, for they were certainly not a fit.

"I am sorry," said Fiennes. "However, there's no harm done, is there?"

"No." He was passing on, but she called after him, "If you aren't in too much of a hurry, you might give me a 'and up with this."

"This" was the clothes basket. She had got to her feet, and was standing over it.

"You're not going to carry that, are you?"

"I s'pose I am; it don't look much like carrying me, do it? You come along an' pick it up, an' give me a 'old of it, an' I'll get along all right."

So adjured, Fiennes approached, bent over the basket, raised it—it was fairly heavy—and placed it on her outstretched arms. She made a gallant effort to meet the weight, leaning back from the waist with bent knees, until the draggled tail of her black dress switched along the pavement, and Fiennes, as he walked on, could hear the sound of her panting breath, mingled with the slow steps of her slipshod feet, dying out in the distance as he left her behind.

At the corner he turned and looked round. Already she was resting, the basket propped between her body and the wall. Fiennes made a sharp ejaculation of annoyance between his teeth, and went back to her. On the way, he reminded himself that he was now a man of means, with money to throw away if he so chose; that he might pay someone else to help her with her load, or even hire a cab, and put her and her basket inside. But there are times when even wealth is powerless. There was no one in sight, and it was the kind of street in which one might have waited for a month without seeing either a cab or a loafer. There was nothing for it but to help her himself, or leave her to struggle on alone. He put a hand upon the basket.

"Here, let me take an end."

She had a curious faculty of putting her head on one side, and looking at you with only one eye, which gave her a singularly bird-like air. She did it now as Norman held up the basket, until they had a handle each and could set off down the street. Norman, being much the taller, naturally supported all the weight, while his long stride kept her in a breathless trot, and the basket jogged between them. It was undignified and ridiculous enough, and Norman Fiennes was sufficiently aware of that, but he asked her name, her age, and various other questions as they went along. It seemed a shade less silly than to preserve a solemn silence.

Her replies were one and all tinctured with a precociously pessimistic and yet courageous appreciation of the world's short-comings, which settled upon his spirits like a cloud. She was so absolutely everything that violated his own unconsciously-formed ideal of childhood, that her old mind in so young a body seemed almost an outrage.

THE QUIVER

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THE QUIVER

They had passed down that street, and had turned into another and somewhat wider thoroughfare, when he happened to notice two ladies who were drawing near upon the opposite pavement. One was a certain Miss Everleigh, whom he knew but very slightly—a maiden famous equally for her learning, for her powers of mimicry and for her sarcastic tongue—and the other, Katarine! Katarine, in the fluffiest of little fur caps, with her hair all hanging out from under it in little curls upon her forehead.

ness which had come to him with a sense of youth made him aware that his boots were muddy, his suit distinctly shabby, and his tie execrably knotted; yet he was no worse in these respects than usual, and would hardly have minded that Katarine should see him so but for the child in her pink flannelette choker and her enormous boots, and the laundry basket which swung between them.

Miss Everleigh was staring at him through her pince-nez, and her glance expressed a



"Fiennes longed that a coal shoot would open in the pavement and swallow him."

Katarine, with sweet, real violets tucked into her coat, and all that air of warmth and cosy softness which made one feel that no place on earth could ever seem cold, or lonely, or sad if she were there. Norman's heart gave that curious, excited little jump by which it habitually signalled her approach, and then sank into a gloomy calmness quite unusual when she was near. What sort of an appearance was this to present in her eyes on this day above all others? The sudden, new self-conscious-

wealth of scornful amusement very creditable to its possessor; Katarine was smiling bravely, but her face was very flushed. Fiennes longed that a coal shoot would open in the pavement and swallow him, then got his cap off so awkwardly—having his stick in his only free hand—that he nearly dropped it in the mud, and they passed on.

He was only an ordinary young man—a very ordinary young man. I have stated it before, so that no gentle readers might misunderstand him, be disappointed in his

FIENNES AND THE CLOTHES BASKET

character, and, turning the clear searchlight of their own natures upon him, declare that they never would have troubled themselves to read about him at all, if they had known that he was to turn out as ordinary as that. Had he been a very extraordinary young man, I have no doubt that, patting himself upon the breast with the hand in which he held his walking-stick, he would have declared that virtue was its own reward, and quite enough for him, and that, as he was performing a meritorious deed, he didn't care who saw him doing it; in fact, his attitude would have been, as the tradesmen's circulars put it: "Inspection cordially invited." Not so Norman Fiennes. He was only a very ordinary young man, and he had made himself ridiculous in the eyes of the girl he loved. Ridiculous!—there was the sting. The worst of it was that his folly was no secret between themselves, for Miss Everleigh was a party to it also, and he quite realised the opportunity for stinging and sarcastic mimicry which that lady would find in it. His yoke-fellow at the clothes basket, looking back over her shoulders, opined that:

"That there young lady war a laffin' at us; an' now she's a-swingin' 'er arms, like as if she was taking you off."

Norman reddened to the ears.

"She your girl?" asked his companion, after a pause.

Norman stammered, taken aback by the direct question. "At your age, you should know nothing about—"

"Blokes? Well, I haven't one meself esakly." Her tone expressed patient endurance under great privation. "Being short they overlooks me; but most of the girls down our way has 'em. Was yours the little gel in the fur 'at, or the uppish-lookin' one?"

"The fur one—the fur hat—the little one, I say, what business is it of yours?"

"Only she looked kinder queer at you, and I wondered. P'raps she didn't like to larf."

"You think she looked queerly at me?" Quite suddenly the ordinary young man came down off his pinnacle of elderly superiority, and stared across the basket at his companion with a very blank face.

"Might 'ave been on'y somethin' the other said to 'er, but I sepose it does look a bit rum to see you swanking along with

the week's washing in a basket. You're a gentleman, ain't you?"

"I hope so—try to be," Fiennes agreed mechanically. He was thinking of Katarine with a settled weight of despair at his heart. What chance was there that a girl so well-bred, so dainty, so pretty could ever really care for a fellow such as he?

He walked on now, quite careless of the glances of the passers-by. He might have met every client he possessed, from the Dean in his carriage to the hawker of hot chestnuts with his barrow, and he wouldn't have cared. No ridicule could hurt him, no laughter sting; Katarine had seen him, and she, by the process of including the less important in the most, formed his entire public.

He and his *protégée* progressed thenceforward in a dismal silence, until they came at last to the gates of a big house near the Castle Green, and the child requested him to put the basket upon a low wall, whence she could comfortably take it into her arms. Norman looked at his watch—it was growing late if he meant to pay his call that afternoon—nodded and turned to retrace his steps, but the child made him pause again. She came running after him breathless, put a claw-fingered hand upon his arm, and stared up into his face. She looked as if she had something to say and did not know where to begin it; her lips opened, but it was merely to pant.

"What is the matter now, child?" Fiennes asked a little curtly.

"Why, I wanted to say, if she thinks you've got anythink to do with the washing, an' says she doesn't want you for her bloke no more, I'm sorry, an' I hadn't ought to let you help me, and I'd be your girl meself if I should do, just that you shouldn't feel lonely, until you got a better one, and— Oh, my, she would be a silly—not 'arf!"

The little creature burst out crying at that, not in comfortable, childish squeals, but with a succession of stifled, jerky gasps, the tears meanwhile running down from the eye with which she was regarding him, and making clean tracks upon her face, which pointed to a dirtiness of the remainder which Fiennes had not suspected. He patted her shoulder, did his best to reassure her quite earnestly, but

THE QUIVER

without conviction, and went on his way, stopping at the street corner to wave his hand to her small woebegone figure. This kind and tender-hearted creature was the one from whom half an hour ago he had shrunk as something almost vile! He walked with bent head, busied with thoughts of self-condemnation.

He went home and changed his suit for his visit to Katarine. He had no idea of abandoning that, or postponing it; the imperative, gnawing need that he should know certainly what life was to be for him henceforward was not abated by the fact that his hopefulness had waned. It was in some sense a right of Katarine's that she should have his love laid at her feet as soon as honour allowed it.

He got into his best suit—the frock coat was the one he usually wore when requested to read the will after a client's funeral. In the joyous morning it had struck him as rather an unsuitable garment for such an errand as his, though the paucity of his neglected wardrobe left him little choice. Now it seemed singularly appropriate. He relieved its sombreness with a new tie; his hair entirely refused to be tractable, but that, as he reflected, did not matter much, as probably no one would have been able to recognise him if he had persuaded it to be smooth. At half-past four he stood under the red lamp above her father's door, and rang the bell.

It was a moment of which he had often dreamed. He had always imagined himself as almost unable to wait for the maid; and very nearly turning the handle, and walking in and announcing himself, but now that it had come at last, here he was perfectly calm and even flat, resolute but hopeless, waiting patiently upon the mat.

The maid showed him into the big drawing-room. There was Katarine—alone. His heart beat, but it seemed to be falling down wells and abysses of despair, not going skywards by somersaults up a ladder, as it generally did. She gave him her little hand, and took it away to pour him a cup of tea, almost at once, which did not seem to him at all a fair exchange. Her manner was distinctly strange, her face very flushed; even her eyelids were pink, which struck the ordinary young man as a strange but not unbecoming pheno-

menon. Though she was just as kind and sweet as ever, she would not look at him, and usually her brown eyes rested on one's face with the frankest kindness and the most unaffected interest imaginable. Norman's heart sank, seeming to descend at least another flight of stairs, and their conversation dwindled. Katarine dragged the weather out from the decent background to which their long acquaintanceship had relegated it, but apparently it turned sulky, and crawled back again, for the conversation flagged once more. They were both silent. To Fiennes it was something to be there, so near to her, so fully conscious of the sense of rest and comfort, the feeling of home, which, as it were, radiated from her.

"I wanted to tell you something," he remarked, after a long silence.

Katarine started, she had been staring dreamily into the fire, and raised her eyebrows.

"Jessie's godmother is dead."

His tone was so lugubrious, that it was no wonder she turned to him with a pretty air of sympathy, sorrowful, but not as though she thought him heart-broken.

"How very sad!"

"I suppose it is—that never occurred to me before," said the ordinary young man contritely. "I am afraid I didn't realise that, because, most unexpectedly, she has left Jessie quite a nice little income—at least three hundred a year!"

Miss Katarine grew a little pale, and her hands would have trembled, but that she held very firmly to the arms of her Chippendale chair. She knew all about Norman Fiennes' affairs, and his three womanly sisters, and the cheques that went up North so regularly, for the mothers of marriageable daughters in Thereford had early made inquiry into his prospects, laying verbal traps for his ignorance, until all his innocent history had become the common property of their circle. He himself had told Katarine of Miss Fiennes' marriage, and of the second Miss Fiennes' marriage, and now he was telling her of the third Miss Fiennes' fortune. She knew why.

"That sets me free," he went on in his serious, stolid way, but his voice would grow husky with the feeling he was trying not to show. "I have no one now to work

FIENNES AND THE CLOTHES BASKET

for, not a responsibility in the world. I have been dreaming to-day of what it would be like to have a home of one's own, and I have realised that I never can have one, unless you are there. I have loved you for years, Katarine, and I haven't been able to tell you. I know I'm a silly, an awkward, lumbering, untidy kind of fellow no one could ever be proud of, but if you were to love me only a little, I think that I could grow to be anything you liked."

Katarine ventured to take her hands off the arms of her chair, and clasp them round her knee.

"I have been wondering," she said softly, "if you would ever speak."

"Do you mean—do you mean—?" Fiennes got to his feet, stammering under the influence of a sudden, glorious hope. "Do you mean—?"

"That I've known that you loved me all along, but I didn't know that it was you I was waiting for, never realised that I loved you until Violet Everleigh laughed at you to-day for helping that child with the basket."

She looked up at him now, her lips parted, her eyes alight, and finished her sentence: "Then I knew," with her face against the breast of that unpropitious coat.

So it happened that every dream that Norman Fiennes had ever dreamed before he forswore the painful process came true.

He had the home and hall door of his



"... With her face against the breast of that unpropitious coat."

won his Katarine's heart.

What a lot to say about an ordinary young man and his mating to a very ordinary young woman, and the setting up of their very ordinary home, where, no doubt, their very ordinary children grew up to be ordinary young men and women in their turn! Yet, after all, what is there in the world saner, healthier, happier than such an idyll, with such an ending, and what is the whole great human family, its history and its hope, save a mighty building whose individual stones, worthy or unworthy, are the lives of ordinary women and ordinary men?

very own; his door did indeed shut out all the dirt and clamour of the outside world, while within its barrier a holy flame burned, as in a sacred place, at the warmth of which many a frozen soul has been thawed back into life, and the strength to find happiness.

About a year after his wedding, a strange new nursemaid was added to the little *ménage*—a nursemaid who invariably economised in the matter of eyes, using but one at a time, and who, but that she was a trifle taller, and wore the neatest of white collars, and had a singularly, an almost distressingly clean face, would have been remarkably like a certain dirty little girl whose laundry basket Norman Fiennes carried on the day when he



Whether or not the reader agrees with all of Lady St. Helier's conclusions, the following article is bound to create widespread interest, especially as it touches some pressing problems of the day.

The Philanthropy of the Future

By LADY ST. HELIER

THOSE who are interested in charitable work and its future must view the new developments affecting it with some apprehension. The vast sums of money that have been, and are still, devoted to the cause of charity, as well as the organisations which distribute it, show little signs of diminution, and every year the large bequests to philanthropic objects testify to the reality of the conviction which is felt by those who possess riches that a large part of their wealth is only a trust, confided to them to be spent in ameliorating the condition of the poor and suffering. That sense of responsibility is nourished and strengthened by the naturally generous disposition of the English people, as well as by the traditional obligations which they consider their birthright. There is nothing of which the English people are more proud than the amount of private charity to which endless organisations bear witness, the age of many of which are almost contemporaneous with the earliest history of our country.

The educational and charitable work of England owed its birth to the generosity and riches of the Church, then the great evangelising agency, to whom in earlier times large gifts were made for special purposes; and which, though they have been deviated from their original intention, still continue their operations in other directions. The greatest charitable and humanising influence from earliest times was religion, and the Church in England has been the almoner for many centuries of the gifts of those who felt that that great organisation was the safest and most direct means for the distribution of their wealth.

A Church, whether national or independent, will always remain the medium by which eleemosynary work must be undertaken, and, in spite of the fact that the educational work of the day has been

diverted from the care and supervision of the Church, the stream of charity which flows into her coffers shows little abatement.

Side by side with the work of the Church, a most powerful ally has come into the field of philanthropic enterprise in the huge army of voluntary workers, who, in sympathy with what has already been accomplished, have redoubled in all directions their efforts to meet from time to time the needs which have grown out of the ever-increasing size of our population, and the poverty which, alas! has followed in the wake of the new developments of our social life.

Poor Law Relief

The English system of relief of the poor, which in theory maintains that no one, however poor or friendless, need starve, has stood in this country as a safeguard against the revolutionary changes which have swept over other parts of the world. If the protection it afforded in this country to the sick, the destitute, and the outcast had existed in France, the great revolution in that country could never have occurred. Some allowance must always be made for temperament and character; but in spite of the revolutionary elements in France, the fact that the people were starving, with no prospect of relief, with no possible future for them or their children, drove them to desperation, and made them the maddened tools of an unscrupulous and bloodthirsty democracy.

In England, with all its limitations, our system of Poor Law relief has worked well, in spite of the obvious criticism that its tendency and effect has been to sap the honest independence of the poor. The modifications and changes in its constitution which have constantly arisen have destroyed many of its anomalies, and now we are face to face with the most comprehensive scheme of Poor Law Reform

THE PHILANTHROPY OF THE FUTURE

which has been proposed for over half a century, the Majority Report of which outlines a wide and revolutionary change in our system of rate-aided charity.

Many unmistakable evidences of the physical and moral deterioration of the poorer classes in our large towns can no longer be ignored, and it has become necessary to take steps to improve the condition of life (and with that the health) under which large masses of men, women, and children exist.

In England and Wales nearly one million of people are always in receipt of some form or another of Poor Law relief, and the cost has increased from £6,250,000 in 1834 (or 8s. 10d. per head of population) to £14,000,000 in 1905 (or 8s. 2d. per head of population); while the expenditure per pauper has increased from £7 12s. 1d. in 1834 to £15 12s. 6d. per pauper

to-day. This increase has grown, in spite of all the benevolent agencies which have come into existence during that period, in spite of the increase of education, the attention paid to sanitation, and the general improvement in the condition of the majority of the population.

It would be idle to deny that while the national prosperity of the nation as a whole has improved, the industrially unfit and incapable of maintaining them-

selves do not diminish, and the cost of maintaining them increases with alarming regularity. The difficulty of the problem facing us now is how to reduce the number of those who are maintained at the expense of the community, and in some way to reduce their cost.

Evils of Injudicious Charity

Private charity has failed to grapple

with the problem, and in many instances private almsgiving only does mischief and increases the numbers of those who either cannot or will not work. One of the principal reasons for the large increase of the unemployed in the large towns is the sums of money which have been collected for the purpose of relieving distress; and it is now recognised by everyone with experience in charitable work that an unemployed fund attracts loafers and

undesirable characters from all parts of the country to the centre of distribution. The Majority Report of the Poor Law Commission, while admitting the failure in many ways of the Act of 1834, stated that they still considered the basis of the old Poor Law one that could be altered and adapted to suit the new conditions caused by the economical and industrial changes of the day. The Majority feel the importance of main-



(Photo: G. C. Beresford.)

LADY ST. HELIER.

THE QUIVER

taining the theory of respect for the self-maintaining character, and they propose that all public relief should be administered and controlled by one local authority in every area, and contemplate the co-operation of charities and charitable institutions with that of rate-aided relief.

The Minority, on the other hand, propose the breaking-up of the Poor Law by transferring much of its work to committees of the County Councils, each responsible to a separate National Department, and the able-bodied unemployed to the direct care and charge of the National Government, and, ignoring all existing charitable work, would rule them out of existence.

The Minority Report

The proposals of the Minority Report are admirably epitomised in a most interesting lecture given by Mr. Philip Pilditch, the chairman of the Local Government Committee of the London County Council, last year, before the London Municipal Society, and I cannot do better than quote his words: "The Minority propose to provide for a reduction of the unemployed by diminishing the amount of work done by those in employment, by reducing the hours worked by railway, tramway, and omnibus workers; by providing that mothers receiving public assistance, whether married or widows, should receive sufficient for the full maintenance of the family, and should do no other work; by a reduction of the hours of labour of those under eighteen to thirty hours per week, no child being allowed to work under the age of thirteen; that the old-age pension limit should be reduced to sixty-five or even sixty years; and that the Government should subsidise trades unions providing out-of-work benefits, should undertake the regularisation of the national demand for labour, spending £40,000,000 every ten years in afforestation and such works; that it should 'de-casualise' casual labour and 'suppress' unemployment, and for the rest it should undertake to provide the full and honourable maintenance at the public expense of the surplus of labourers." Undoubtedly a very full and comprehensive programme, and an attractive one to those who know little and care less

about the deteriorating effect on national life and character.

Such a programme, if carried out, would be disastrous in every sense of the word to the whole community; it would destroy the spirit of independence which has always been the fundamental characteristic of Englishmen, it would take away every incentive to work or any desire to rise in the social scale, and reduce everyone to the dull monotony of a low level of life, without ambitions and aspirations.

The Case against the Proposals

Those who advocate such changes are very short-sighted, in every sense, as to the effect such a system as they propose must exercise. Their favourite attitude is always one of contempt and hostility to the great work of private charity in the country, it being not considered by them beneficial to the individual or the community to accept the generosity of the well-to-do, and all the legislation which they advocate is in favour of State assistance only, as less degrading than that on which for centuries the foundation of charitable relief has been laid.

There is something attractive to the superficial observer in the claptrap eloquence which deals with the degradation attending private relief. Unhappily, the forces in favour of State management are noisy, if not numerically strong, and their Socialistic doctrines appeal to those whose knowledge on the matter is very superficial.

Rate-Feeding of School Children

The advance of Socialism in all matters concerning the poor is increasing with alarming rapidity, and all legislation is in that direction. The feeding of school children out of the rates struck a heavy blow at the honest feeling of independence in the English people, and the agitation in favour of building school hospitals to provide medical treatment free is only another step in the Socialistic ladder. The agitation in such a direction will, we hope, be unsuccessful, for the establishment in London of school clinics provided by municipal money would destroy the large hospitals which depend entirely for their support on the charity of the public. The provision of food

THE PHILANTHROPY OF THE FUTURE

out of the rates has had the effect of diverting large sums of money to other objects ; and those who know anything of work among the London poor can testify to the injury that has been done to the community by stopping the charitable help that has for years been poured into London during the winter months. The injury which the tendency of modern legislation is inflicting does not consist only in stopping that bountiful stream of charity which is good for those who give and those who receive it, but the burden which the new rates levied for such purposes inflict on the small shopkeepers and the poor ratepayers, many of whom are often as poor if not poorer than the people whose children they are obliged to support, will be almost overwhelming ; and there are no more piteous tales of poverty and distress than those which tell of the sufferings of people who are obliged to keep up an appearance of respectability which day by day becomes more difficult. To those who have practical experience of these things, and who see the Socialistic inclinations of large classes in this country, the future of charitable effort and work among the poor presents increasing difficulties, which are enhanced by the ignorance of the poor on one side and plausible arguments on the other.

The attractiveness of the Socialistic programme is undeniable, especially when it is preached to the poor and needy, who are quite unable to realise that robbing the rich will not benefit them, or improve the conditions under which they live. The riches of one class will not work a miracle, and make the drunken sober, the thrifless careful, and the lazy work. Under a Socialistic government the great unpaid army who have for

years and years, and in endless numbers, devoted their lives to the work of mercy, will disappear, and with them much of the charity which has been given in such unstinted generosity. No social system is perfect ; even the most carefully considered agencies for helping the poor fall far short of their aim ; charity is often misdirected, and there is overlapping and probably extravagance in many instances —where new organisations come into existence to supplement or develop those already at work—but by amalgamation many economies could be effected, as charitable relief is becoming, like almost every social question in England, a science. Many improvements in organisation will follow, and schemes for concentration which are now being considered will remove some of the abuses and faults which all recognise and admit. That, however, will not stop private charity, but possibly, as it becomes systematised, augment it ; and charitable donors understand that economies in administration mean less spent in management and more in relief. Such a change is what all those who know the conditions under which the poor live desire to see ; but at the same time one cannot but view with anxiety the uncertainty which hangs over all schemes for dealing with poverty in this country, and that apprehension is increased by the evidence of the sympathy of a small—but powerful—body of people in favour of reforms which would sweep away all existing institutions and organisations, and erect in their place a huge bureaucratic department destroying all the voluntary work which is a glorious monument to the civilising and devoted labours of many generations of men and women, and leave only in its place a dull, monotonous machinery.





Miss Phoebe

A Complete Story

By KATHARINE TYNAN

GREENHURST is the most lovely of villages. Percival Milbanke, discovering it on a day when the cuckoos were calling and the trees shaking out their leaves of green silk, when the cottage gardens and orchards were gay with flowers and white with bloom, swore that it was the most beautiful village in England; and he ought to know, for he had travelled up and down England, as in many other places, painting for the sheer love of it and caring little for fame. Of money he had enough, being Percival Milbanke, of Layes Court, Hampshire. But he was winning fame, almost in spite of himself. People said and wrote of him that he was founding a school of his own of English landscape, not unworthy to be named with the French and Dutch schools.

He drew a long breath of delight as he stood at the end of the village green, and looked back at its emerald sweep, dotted

with the white flannels of a cricket match. The cottages, each in its garden, were enchanting. For background they had the trees of the park, twisted chimney stacks visible through them. Behind all rose the blue hill, dotted with the gold of the gorse. A couple of grey cygnets waddled across the green to the pond. The stately elms which edged the road were in their first glory of green. He had not for long seen anything so entirely satisfying.

He turned about, half-lingering, to go. He had put up at the inn at the end of the village, which stood back in a delightful garden, and he was going to paint Greenhurst from many points of view. He sighed because of too much delight, too much perfection, that made his pleasure almost pain.

Then he saw the window. It was an odd thing, set in the midst of a stone wall that ran a long way without even a break.

He wondered what the solitary window

MISS PHOEBE

could mean. It looked as if it did not belong to the wall, as if it had been added there as an after-thought. It stood rather high ; but he could see a mass of gay colours beyond the pane, the heaped cushions of a sofa or an easy chair.

He did not know what curiosity possessed him about the window. He walked along the path under the stone wall, and presently came to a wooden wicket. A little way beyond it the wall ended in a field with low palings.

He retraced his steps, sauntering along in the roadway under the glorious elms. As he came near the window he walked into a flock of sheep and lambs which he had not noticed because of his absorption. He stood quietly for them to pass him by, and in the midst of them he glanced up at the window.

There was a face there which gave him a shock of surprise and delight. So beautiful was it that for an instant it took away his breath. There was a lady sitting by the window. Her head was bent over something he could not see. Her pale profile showed as exquisitely modelled as a lily against the dark background of the room. In the most beautiful village he had found the most beautiful woman of the whole world, not only of England.

While he looked she stood up and her eyes fell on him. He could hardly tell whether she had looked at him, but he knew the colour of her eyes. He knew that they were grey, quiet as still waters ; her soft brown hair was twisted in a great coil at her neck. She was dressed in white, the one possible wear for her. She lifted her arm and moved a shutter so that she was in its shelter. He saw the arm and the lace falling away from it. What a divine creature ! He thought of Cecilia playing the organ, of a young angel of Filippino Filippi. Who was she—the adorable lady ?

He went back to the inn, on fire about her. He had gone through his youth oddly untouched by love, and he was now thirty years of age. He had never met any woman as good as his art. Now he had seen one who was as beautiful as Spring herself, hidden away in Greenhurst village behind the window.

He had an odd shyness of asking outright who she was, so he was diplomatic. While the black-eyed hostess waited on him,

he asked her questions about this and that resident on the village green, where the houses of the gentlefolk and those of their humbler neighbours were delightfully mixed up.

While he ate his meal he looked across a bed of wallflowers to the green shining in the summer sun. How harmonious the beauty was—to the children in their sunbonnets, and the flock of geese grazing within a stone's throw. Certainly he was going to make quite a long stay in Mrs. Simmons's lavender-scented bedroom. Why he could make hundreds of sketches of the delightful place.

Mrs. Simmons was quite willing to talk. She had a respectful and affectionate familiarity with the gentry of the neighbourhood, who were aristocratic and old-fashioned.

"We're very quiet people, sir," said Mrs. Simmons. "We don't 'old with noise and such-like. Why, many of us 'asn't put down our 'orses yet, though over to Penfold there's nought but motors and many a one out of employment. The Duchess sets her face against them. As for Miss Phoebe, well—"

"Who is Miss Phoebe ?" asked Percival Milbanke.

"Why, the daughter of our Squire. I was kitchenmaid at The Place in Miss Phoebe's mother's time. Her Ladyship was cousin to the Duchess. You'll maybe have noticed The Place. 'Tis at the end of the village. You can't see it rightly for the long stone wall—"

"With the window in it ?" he said, looking up.

"Miss Phoebe's window, sir. Poor lamb, she sits there winter and summer—more in winter than in summer ; for in the summer she's a deal in the gardens. Her papa 'as given 'er all 'eart can wish for ; but there, as I say, 'tain't a natural life. She sometimes drives in the carriage, and her own friends go to see 'er in that pretty garden room of 'ers. But 'tain't the same as the air and your freedom. That's wot I say. Yet none can say but wot 'e does it for love."

"What's the matter with her ?" he asked, with a certain fierce abruptness. He had a feeling that if he was going to hear that Miss Phoebe was afflicted with such an ill as would cut her off from her kind he could

THE QUIVER

not endure it. Preposterous ! About a girl of whose existence he had not known two hours back.

Mrs. Simmons looked at him strangely. It was as though his sudden sharp query had stopped the flow of her speech.

"Oh, not at all, sir," she said, "not at all. There's nothing the matter with Miss Phoebe. Our Squire's odd-like about his only daughter——"

She was called away at the moment, and the conversation was not resumed between them.

That evening Percival Milbanke found his way down the lane between high stone walls which separated the gardens of The Place from those of Redbourne's on the opposite corner. Half-way up the lane there was a wicket-gate almost covered with intertwining green leaves. A bush of lilac drooped across it, and over the high wall came the long golds of the laburnum. There had been a little rain, and the birds were singing deliciously.

Through the green trellis he caught a glimpse of a white gown. He stood where he was, and looked. It was Miss Phoebe, beyond the jessamine and the lilac. She was walking in the garden with her little dog following at her skirt. A wide hat, with a filmy lace scarf, was on her head. The scarf fell to one side, leaving the right side of her face visible. She was looking upwards, and again he saw the lovely profile. A peacock stalked by her and spread all his fans against her white.

She stooped to a bed of flowers and gathered some and he thought of a verse of a poem :

"I almost saw your quiet head
Bowed o'er the gilly-flower bed,
The yellow flowers streaked with red,
Hah ! hab ! la belle jaune girofle."

Someone crossed the garden and joined her—a grey-haired, square-built man, with a rosy, dominant face.

"Well, my darling," he said.

The words floated to Percival Milbanke, where he stood, and he realised that he was eavesdropping. He walked on up the green lane where all the birds were in delicious song with a flushed face.

The next day his painting began. He had moved from the inn to a tiny cottage of two rooms where a deaf old woman supplied his simple wants. The coming and going

of rustic life at the inn had been somewhat too distracting for him: yet he had no desire of isolation from his humbler neighbours at Greenhurst. He made friends with them on the grass, watching their cricket matches on afternoons. He smoked with them when they stood by the inn door of evenings, where the captain of the local team, who was an aristocrat of a pedigree that dated much further back than the Milbankes, stood likewise and smoked and called the rustics by their Christian names.

He sought to obtain no further information of Phoebe Luttrell. The Squire's name occasionally came into the conversation by the inn door, but there was nothing to explain the mystery about his daughter. Milbanke felt that he could not have endured her name spoken easily in the rough, simple assemblage. There was a mystery—a mystery, perhaps, of which every man, woman, and child in the village knew the secret, which he would come to understand in time. He had a proud delicacy about not seeking to surprise it. In time he would know: she would perhaps tell it to him herself.

He had set up his easel at the end of the village green, almost immediately below her window. It was the point of vantage from which the beautiful green swept away to the distant hill.

He painted industriously, day after day. Everything changed so rapidly. Every day the leafage altered, and the blossoms and the sunshine grew stronger. He could scarcely capture one aspect of beauty before it had changed for another.

Often he knew without looking up that her eyes watched him at his painting. He would not have surprised her for worlds. The children from the little school would gather about him and stare shyly at the scene he was creating. He noticed that there was no unfriendly or fearful mystery between them and Miss Phoebe. They played their games below her open window. Sometimes they would call out to her, "Saw you that, Miss Phoebe?" when they had achieved some triumph of skill or daring. Milbanke would look up quickly to see a delicate white hand waved from the window.

Once a carriage came out of the gates, in which sat Miss Phoebe herself and her father. She was closely veiled; yet there was no air of a recluse about her as they

MISS PHOEBE

drove down the white road under the elms. Indeed, he noticed that they pulled up at a cottage door and remained for a little while in conversation with the woman of the cottage. And again they stopped for speech of the parson, who, being the grandson of a Duke, was privileged to be shabbier than the shabbiest, and drove a shandredan and a deplorable horse, the former over-flowing with his quiverful.

There was no terrible mystery about the lady who had come so to dominate his dreams. Yet she was "poor Miss Phoebe" to all the place. He seemed to hear it in the sighing of the south wind, in the songs of the birds: the atmosphere of the exquisite village seemed full of love and sorrow for Miss Phoebe.

At last, greatly daring, he flung a rose in at the open window. It was not returned. But all next day the window was closed. He felt it like a sentence of banishment, and yet—the rose was not tossed back to him. He wondered if it was in her breast.

One whole day he absented himself, and when he returned the next day the window was again open. This time he did not so much as dare to glance up. While he painted the Squire passed by and spoke to him civilly, stopping to look at the picture. Milbanke launched out in eulogies of the beauty of the place, and the Squire seemed pleased.

"Many a one thinks as you do, sir," he said. "I am glad to have an artist's opinion as to the best place to see the view from. I opened the window above there for my daughter to see it. She is a sad invalid

and goes little abroad. But she enjoys her view from the garden room. She thinks there is nothing better in England. By the way"—the Squire hemmed and hawed—"if the picture were for sale when it is finished, you might—perhaps be willing to hear of a purchaser."

"It is a mere sketch," said Milbanke, who had put a good deal of hard work into it and knew the result was good. "Will you accept it, sir? I hope to paint here during the summer."

The Squire laid a kind hand on his shoulder.

"Look here, young man," he said, "you're a beginner. Don't go offering your pictures to the first stranger who admires them. No, no; that would never do. Get it



"He leaped in the direction of her pointing finger"—p. 746.

THE QUIVER

finished and into a good gilt frame, and then we'll talk business."

He went off laughing to himself as at a good jest.

Milbanke went on painting and wondering when something was going to happen that should bring him and Miss Phoebe face to face. In the distance he heard the *pip-pip* of a motor-car, and anathematised all motors and their drivers. The dust had settled rather thickly those last few days. He stood up grumbling, and moved his canvas beyond the cloud of dust that was coming on now under the elm trees.

He had just settled it where it would take no harm till the cloud passed by, when he heard a shriek. He looked up and saw Phoebe Luttrell at the open window. Their eyes met. Hers were full of anguish and fear. She was pointing at something just in advance of the cloud of dust.

He leaped in the direction of her pointing finger. A small white creature was groping along in front of the car: a dog, her dog. He remembered now that he had seen it with her in the garden.

He sprang and caught the little creature just in time. He heard a shout from the occupants of the car. Something struck him, but luckily only flung him backwards out of the track of the car, which sped on its way.

While he yet staggered from the blow, still holding the dog, which moaned and scratched at him feebly, the white figure of Phoebe Luttrell came flying down the walled-in lane. Half-stunned as he was, he yet felt a spring of joy because she ran like Atalanta. It was not disease then that wrapped her about with a mystery. Her head was encircled in a fine gauzy veil. She was more beautiful even than he had thought her: the skin fine and beautiful in texture, the eyes wonderful in their shining depths.

"You are not hurt?" she said. "I thought they had killed you."

Her hands went out with an intimacy that overleaped all the conventions.

"I saw what you did," she said. "It was so brave. They very nearly killed you. How dare they rush through our quiet villages like that. And the little dog. She is blind, the creature. I do not know how she got out in the road. Papa and I can never thank you enough. This little Beau was my mother's dog."

Her voice was as exquisite as her face. While she yet clung to him he turned pale and her eyes were on his face.

"You are sure you are not hurt?" she said hurriedly. "Pray come into our garden, and I will get you something. Papa will want to thank you. There—let me take Beau."

He still staggered as she led him up the green lane, within the wonderful garden. But he was not sure that it was not her beauty and her lovesomeness that made him feel faint, like that Florentine who grew faint at sight of sunsets and stately persons. To think that she and her mystery were within his reach.

He sat down by the fountain in the garden. The gilly-flowers were nearly over but a bed of clove carnations sent their spicy fragrance to his nostrils. Roses were just opening on the pergola that was hung with copper-coloured leaves, red against the sun.

She ran away over the velvety grass and came back to him, carrying water. He took it from her hands, sipped it, and laid it down.

"It was here I saw you," he said, "when I looked through the gate. I thought I had never seen such a garden and such a woman walking in it."

"Oh, hush," she said, turning away her face from him. "You should not have looked in. You must go away and forget that you ever looked. Though I shall not forget how you saved my mother's dog."

"I threw you a rose," he said, watching her delicate face in which the colour came.

"You must throw me no more roses," she said. "Roses are not for me."

He seized her hands then under the flowing sleeves of lace.

"My dear," he said, "you are my one woman: the only woman in the world for me, the one pure and perfect rose. Do you think I am going to let you go?"

"Alas, you do not know," she said, and began to weep quietly. "I do not say that I would not have loved you if it had been possible. A poor maimed thing like me. In mercy go away from me while you know only one side of my face."

He drew her still down to him, holding her fast.

"This is our betrothal," he said, and he kissed her lips; then he kissed her soft check under the little ear; then, while she tried to hide her face with her hands he

CLOUDS

lifted her veil. The other side of her face, the side which he had never seen, was marred by a terrible scar—the scar of a burning.

"I did it to save a child," she said, sobbing, "and my poor beauty was spoilt. Oh, how cruel you are. I thought you would go away and that to you I should always be beautiful."

While she said it he kissed the disfigured cheek reverently and drew the veil again upon it.

"You can keep it from all the world if you will," he said. "From your husband you need not keep it."

She looked up at him, shrinking from what she might see; but there was neither horror nor aversion in his face.

* * * * *

Squire Luttrell would at first hear of no engagement: he would still keep his daughter the prisoner of his anxious love, in her garden and her garden-room which he had made so beautiful for her that she might forget it was a prison. He would not hear reason, indeed, till Milbanke brought a distinguished specialist to interview him, whose opinion was that Miss Luttrell's dis-

figurement was by no means hopeless in the light of recent discoveries. Even then he would have Milbanke wait for his marriage till the treatment should be a success; but the bridegroom would not hear of waiting, and since happiness counted for something in the cure, the Squire at last yielded.

The treatment did prove a very wonderful success, and when Mrs. Percival Milbanke appeared in her world again the very slight blemish of one cheek took little from her beauty.

Her husband always insisted that she had been as beautiful to him with the disfigurement; but the Squire, especially when his grandchildren came to fill up the many rooms of The Place, was never tired of marvelling over and praising the miracles of science.

In these days the garden-room is the nursery, and if you should find the most beautiful village in England and stand to look at it from the point of vantage, you will perhaps glance up at the curious window overhead and happen to see it filled with a bevy of children's heads beautiful as angels, for the Milbanke children inherit their mother's beauty.



CLOUDS

THOUGH heavy clouds may veil the sky,
Why murmur and complain?
Swift they will vanish; by and by
The sun will shine again.

We then shall value it, and bless
Its golden glory more,
Comparing it, with thankfulness,
To what has gone before.

'Tis ever thus; when hearts are torn
With grief, oppressed with care,
When grey and dreary comes each morn,
And things seem hard to bear.

Like vapour they will melt away
Before the rosy light.
For truly Joy's perfect day
Comes after Sorrow's night!

LESLIE MARY OYLER.



OPENINGS IN AUSTRALIA

By Dr. E. I. WATKIN

"IF only I could get a fresh start in a new country, I believe I should have a chance!" This is what so many men in the Homeland have said, and are saying. Many a man "unsuccessful" in England, is capable of good, honest toil which shall not be unfruitful, but he feels crushed by the dead weight of modern conditions. The word "emigration" comes as the "Open Sesame" to richer, more joyous life, with untold possibilities. Others have found salvation here; why not they? A new light shines in the emigrant's eyes as he sets his face towards the new hope and the new home.

How Far is this Vision Realised?

The answer must, of course, depend entirely upon the man himself. I venture to say every reader of this article will have some knowledge of cases in which it has been abundantly realised. Men who from one cause or another felt compelled to seek fortune away from the Homeland, have been successful beyond all expectations. But they would be the first to tell you that this was entirely owing to sheer hard work. Emigration means energy. The man who thinks that any country will pour riches into his lap without demanding the sweat of his brow, the best power of his brains, and the strength of his right arm, will soon be disillusioned. Too often when attractions are held out to the prospective emigrant this side of the picture is not presented.

Let us suppose, for instance, that you have been thinking of emigrating to Australia, and you are wondering whether there is any opening there for you. I want to put the facts before you as clearly and concisely as I can. Who are the men that Australia can do with? Will the man who "only wants a chance" have any prospect in this great country?

The first answer to such a question must be the obvious one—it all depends upon the class of emigrant. I may at once say that there is no opening at present in Australia for those whose employment is clerical. The man who sits at the desk is not required. There are too many of this class in the over-crowded cities of Australia already. Neither are there any openings for those who have been ne'er-do-wells or failures in the Motherland. It is best to be quite frank in this matter. Australia has no prospect to offer a man who has wasted the best years of his life, who has displayed ability in no particular direction, or whose failure has to be attributed to his own lack of grit and determination. There are no openings, it may be added, for the casual labourer, the man who is prepared to do any odd job anywhere, but has no definite life purpose in view.

Agricultural Workers Wanted

I take it that none of these exceptions apply to you. You seek to win a home of your own, to gain a competency on the land in pastoral or agricultural pursuits. Then Australia will welcome



THE QUIVER

you with open arms. There is no country in the world that possesses more varied resources, or which presents such promising openings to men who are prepared to work on the land. Land may be obtained in all the States at reasonable rates. I might fill the whole of this article with striking examples of men who went on to the land with very little money in their pockets and who, through honest industry, are now in positions of comfort, or even in affluent circumstances. In one case known to me a young man went to Queensland, and for a few years worked at various avocations. He then selected 640 acres of good land. "After a few years of hard work," as he puts it, "I selected further areas and now have 2,400 acres all my own." Another striking case is that of a man who landed in Brisbane in March, 1873, with £3 in his pocket. Like many another emigrant he worked for a few years for wages, then took up land. To-day, he owns 660 acres. "I know plenty of tenant farmers in Scotland," he writes, "with a capital of £500 to £1,000, going on from year to year and only just making a living, owing to high rents and foreign competition. If they were here they would be independent in from ten to twenty years' time." A similar example is that of a German settler who landed with the sum of one guinea in his possession, and who now owns 567 acres of first-class land and about 140 head of cattle, his property being valued at over £4,000. Every Australian State can furnish such instances. What has been done can be done to-day, and when men have attained such success with little capital it may be imagined how favourable are the openings for those who have agricultural experience and some capital at their command.

Australia's Industries

Room for good workers in Australia? Think of the size of it! Twenty-five times larger than Great Britain and Ireland; the land space more than a fourth of that of the whole of the British Empire. Oh, yes! there is room to breathe in Australia. The main question is, what are the industries in which there are the best prospects for the intending

emigrant? I cannot possibly mention them all within the limits of this article. If you are an agricultural expert, you will already know that Australian wheat is unequalled in brightness and hardness of grain, in milling qualities and in the whiteness of its flour. Wheat is, of course, the most largely grown cereal, but there are many other valuable agricultural productions, and ample room for the extension of the cultivation of oats, barley, and maize—more particularly of malting barley, for during the last five years the annual import of malt into the Commonwealth averaged £62,000. Shortly after the settlement of New South Wales in 1788 Sydney Smith ridiculed the idea that New South Wales would ever be able to produce the food supplies for its then limited population of a few thousand people. One wonders what he would say could he now return and see the fleet of grain-laden ships which, after a good harvest, leave Australia for the Mother Country!

Droughts

You say you have heard that droughts are frequent in Australia? Well, they are occasional, but not frequent. On the average, the good seasons are far more numerous than the dry ones. When farmers and graziers in Australia have only learned the lesson which experience teaches, that they must provide in years of plenty for years of scarcity, a year or two of drought will no longer be dreaded. The rainfall, if only conserved, is sufficient to meet all requirements. Large Government works for the storage of water have already been constructed, and others are contemplated.

Or you may suppose that a very large proportion of the area which is still unoccupied is unfit for occupation? This is a popular error. Every year is showing that by irrigation and the use of fertilisers, land which was regarded as poor can be worked profitably. A few years since it was thought it would not pay to cultivate the soil of Western Australia, but this fallacy has been exploded by the heavy crops which have been raised in many parts of the State. Vast areas in Central Australia, which were formerly described as a desert, are

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A FORD IN THE FERTILE RIVERINA DISTRICT, NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE QUIVER

now found to be specially fitted for cattle and horse breeding.

Harvests from the Sea

Openings? There are openings everywhere. You are not an agriculturalist? Let us glance at one or two other industries which hold out attractions to the settler. Rich harvests from the sea, although from various causes the whale fishery has declined, are still obtainable. I hear, at the time of writing this article, that a deputation from Scotland is on a visit to Australia to arrange for the emigration of some hundreds of Scotch fishermen, the prospects for whom, owing to the large shoals of fish which abound in Australian seas and tidal rivers, are most satisfactory. The pastoral industry, which succeeded the whale fishery in the early industrial history of Australia, is the most valuable productive industry, Australian wool being equal to any produced in the world. The dairying industry, with the establishment of factories in very large numbers, is advancing by leaps and bounds. Poultry-farming and bee-keeping are becoming more profitable every year. And what can one say of Australia's mineral wealth? You remember it was the magnetic influence of gold discovered in Australia in 1851 which drew hither men of many nationalities, and largely increased the population of the various States. It is believed by those competent to judge that the mineral deposits have been discovered to a very limited extent. In several of the States there are deposits of iron ore equal in richness to any in the world. When the Federal Government passes the "Iron Bonus Bill" there will be room for tens of thousands of iron workers in Australia. At home the prospects of picking up a fortune by honest means may seem sadly remote in these days of stress and struggle, but here, where minerals abound and precious stones are numerous, where the produce of the opal fields in one year is valued at nearly £60,000, the days of finding wealth at one's feet are not by any means past. At the new mining field of Poseidon, in Victoria, within the last year a nugget of 1,500 ounces valued at £6,000 was dis-

covered in shallow workings. As recently as 1893, Kalgoorlie, in West Australia, was known only to the squatter; it is now an important town lit by electricity with electric trams running along its streets. Who can say how many other Kalgoorlies and Poseidons may be the happy hunting ground of energetic pioneers? Improvements in mining machinery and more scientific methods of saving gold are reducing the cost of gold extraction, and payable reefs are being worked at immense depths.

The Attractions of Australia

Who could enumerate them? The one large part of the British Empire acquired without warfare, the country which has no racial difficulty, the country where freedom civil and religious is enjoyed to as large an extent as anywhere on the globe; where taxation is not burdensome and educational advantages abound—here, indeed, is a land to which the thoughts of the intending emigrant may well turn. Financial aid is rendered to settlers by the Governments of the Australian States, some of which assist in the payment of the passage money to persons who desire to settle on the land, to engage as labourers on agricultural or dairy farms, or as domestic servants, or who can satisfy the Agents-General in London that they will make suitable settlers.

One word of advice may be given to those about to emigrate. It is not the word "Don't." It is that you should look very carefully at the openings in Australia before making up your minds where to settle. You must obtain reliable information as to the prospects offered in your own particular occupation, and the particulars will be readily supplied from the Commonwealth offices, or the offices of the Agents-General, most of which are in Victoria Street, S.W. Above all, be thoroughly assured that you are fitted for the new life that is opened up to you. Capital is not everything. Australia wants men, but it wants men of strong physique, indomitable pluck, and unquenchable optimism. Let such men draw upon its vast resources, and most surely they shall not be disappointed.

[Photographs for this article kindly supplied by the Agents-General of New South Wales and Western Australia.]

The Experiment

A Complete Story

By C. KENNETH BURROW

MERRION was lying sidelong on a comfortable slope of sand, his head resting in the crook of his right elbow. He could see, through half-closed eyes, the lovely curve of the bay, the shimmer of blue water, the gradual upward sweep of white sand, and the grey cliffs, hard and ragged against the quiet sky. It was the kind of day when the relaxed mind does not think of anything in particular, and Hugh Merrion just let his fancy wander. Life, on the whole, was bright enough for him.

Fifty yards away a man was sitting at an easel, painting. Merrion observed that he was very intent upon his work under the shadow of his big umbrella, though occasionally he paused and looked away from it. After a time Hugh followed the direction of his eyes, and saw a mound of sand in the form of a tower, which had such a list seawards that it seemed a miracle it did not collapse. It was then that he saw the child.

He saw a face gazing at him intently over the tower. It was a face sun-browned and radiant under a wide-brimmed, flapping straw hat. That, and tumbled brown hair, was all that he could see. Instinctively he waved his hand to this singularly enticing young person, who apparently was regarding him with profound interest.

She returned his signal, and moved away from the defence of her tower. Then she paused for an instant, and glanced towards the painter. He was absorbed in his work. A moment later her bare brown legs twinkled over the sand, and she stood beside Merrion.

"Hello!" he said. "Have you come to take me prisoner, or what?"

"You wouldn't be any good to me," she said, shaking her head; "you wouldn't work."

"I wou'd, indeed!" he said, sitting up. "I'll enlist on your side, if you'll tell me what to do, and whom to fight."

"There's no enemy to-day," she said calmly. "Don't you ever get tired of doing nothing?"

"I suppose I should, in time."

"Daddy's working, you see," she said, nodding towards the painter.

"Jolly pleasant work, too, I should think."

"Daddy's—oh, awfully clever!"

"I'm sure he is," said Hugh with conviction.

She sat down beside him and dug her toes into the sand.

"Can you make pictures?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid not."

"But I suppose you could learn. How old are you?"

"Oh, terribly old; four times your age." She looked at him gravely.

"But how old, really and truly?"

"Well, let's say thirty. Now are you satisfied, you dear little soul?"

"I'm seven," she said.

"I suppose, now, you'll want to know my name?"

"Oh, yes, please!"

He told her.

"Mine's Ruth Esdale," she said.

"Esdale? Oh, of course, I know that name. A ripping good painter, Esdale."

At this, Ruth flashed a delighted smile at him.

"Come along and see daddy," she said.

The painter was now looking at them, and he called the child's name. She jumped up, caught Hugh's hand, and hauled at it.

"Do hurry up!" she said.

"I suppose I may as well."

And the pair walked off, hand in hand, towards the big umbrella.

"This is Mr. Merrion," said Ruth. "He says he can't paint."

Esdale rose, and held out his hand.

"I'm sure I'm very glad to meet Mr. Merrion," he said, laughing. "My little girl, you see, is an autocrat."

"A very delightful one," said Hugh. The painter's face attracted him; it was a face at once delicate and firm; the mouth would have been almost hard, save for its readiness to smile, and the brown eyes had singular depths in them. There



"Hello!" he said, "have you come to take me prisoner, or what?"—p. 753.

was concentration, perhaps also a little weariness, in his expression.

"Aren't you ready to go in, daddy?" asked Ruth.

"Well, yes, perhaps—I sha'n't do much more this afternoon. The light I want is changing."

The little girl promptly began to pack up his paint-box. From this task she looked up suddenly to say to Merrion:

"Won't you come and have tea with me?"

"Well, really—" began Hugh.

"Yes, do—why shouldn't you? That is, if you don't mind this rather unconventional way of doing things."

"It seems to me," said Hugh, "that it's really the right way, when a child does it. I shall be delighted," he added, "to have tea with you and Ruth."

"You believe in children's instincts?"

"I would always rather trust theirs than my own."

"Ah, you are non-committal," laughed Esdale.

"If to be convinced is non-committal—yes."

By this time the child was ready, and

she handed Merrion the paint-box as though she could confer upon him no higher honour than to allow him to carry it. At that, however, Esdale protested, and he finally took charge of the sketching-stool.

"Do you work much at Melworthy?" asked Hugh.

"This is my first visit. I am a wanderer, Mr. Merrion."

"Landscape painters are happy in being able to pitch their tents where they please."

"You think so?" the other asked, rather abruptly. Then he added, "There's a good deal of pulling up roots about it, and that's always a painful process."

"I like it," said Ruth. "But I don't think Aunt Muriel does any more than daddy."

"I am a widower," said Esdale, simply, "and my sister plays the part of mother to my little girl."

They had not far to walk, for Melworthy had not reached the new-streets and boarding-house stage of popularity. The house which Esdale occupied was a small two-storied place, standing alone in a little garden that had been partly cut in the side of the combe. It overlooked the

THE EXPERIMENT

Cove, which was dotted about with fishing-boats and a few small yachts.

Ruth announced the visitor with a proprietary air, and Merrion found himself bowing before Muriel Esdale. Ruth was charming with the vivacity of childhood, the painter's sister was alluring with the seduction of beautiful womanhood. Like him, she was dark, and her eyes, like his, had curious and haunting depths. Her loveliness was half-wistful, yet it was by no means languid or self-conscious.

"I'm delighted to see you, Mr. Merrion," she said. "Ruth has made many friends for us."

"But were they always a success?"

"Well, nearly always. Once there was a tramp, and perhaps two or three of the dogs were hardly——"

"The dogs," declared Ruth, "were lovely! And really, the tramp wasn't so bad!"

"I have known admirable tramps," said Hugh.

"The true breed—the born wanderer—is dying out," said Esdale. "The whining loafer is taking his place. Our Poor Law system accounts for a good deal."

They had tea in the garden, and the whole affair took on to Merrion something of the aspect of a dream. The child, the beautiful woman, the quiet, low-voiced painter, seemed unreal for a time; but soon they became as actual as the shimmering wavelets of the Cove, as the roses and larkspurs in the garden-beds. It was delightfully pleasant, and accidental, and, above all, genuine. He felt that these people accepted him frankly, and liked him, and this assurance made him serenely happy.

After that he saw them almost every day; they dined with him at his rooms; he walked with Muriel and the little girl when Esdale was at work. As a matter of fact, he fell hopelessly in love, and when he helped Ruth to build sand castles he told himself that he was building the same sort of thing for himself. Yet there was always kindness and welcome for him in Muriel's eyes.

One day he saw a stranger peering over their gate with strange intentness—a pallid man, with dull, grey hair, and dark and penetrating eyes. He mentioned this jokingly to Esdale, who at once asked him to describe the stranger.

"Ah!" he said, and closed his lips tightly when Hugh had finished.

The next day, when Merrion called, no one was in. Later he received a note from Esdale.

"We have just set off for new quarters. I told you that I was a wanderer, and always pulling up roots. I hope we shall meet again some day; the world is small enough. We shall all miss you, and I like to think, though it may sound unkind, that you will miss us. These partings—well, well! We all send our love."

Hugh read the letter in a kind of shivering bewilderment. There was some extraordinary mystery here. He could not suspect these new friends of having any unworthy cause for flight; that was impossible. Yet, when he came to think of it, he recalled a certain nervous tension about the manner of brother and sister which had not much impressed him at the time. They had often seemed to be on the alert for something to happen. The only consolation in the letter was that they all sent him their love. What, in Muriel's case, did that mean precisely?

He walked up towards the house in the evening, pondering these matters; his steps loitered on the way which, only a few hours before, he had trodden so lightly. By the gate he paused and looked disconsolately at the deserted house.

Suddenly, to his amazement, he saw a face glancing furtively from an upper window; it was the face of the pallid-faced stranger of the previous day. For a moment Merrion thought of the possibility of bailiffs, but the sudden withdrawal of the face made him suspect something less legal.

He opened the gate, and ran round to the other side of the house; an open window confirmed his suspicions. He hurried through the little dining-room and upstairs to the room which Esdale had used as a studio. On the threshold he met the intruder, with a parcel, evidently containing canvases, under his arm.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Merrion.

"May I address the same question to yourself?" asked the other quietly.

"When I find a window of a friend's house open, that friend being away, I naturally like to make inquiries."

He advanced a pace or two into the room.

THE QUIVER

the stranger backing before him with a curiously courteous air. Yet his voice was vibrant with excitement when he spoke.

"And having made those inquiries, perhaps you will allow me to pass."

"Certainly not, without an explanation!"

"You, sir, are the intruder! I have every right in this house!"

"Are you, then, the new tenant? I know my friend took the place furnished."

"New tenant? No."

"And may I ask what you have under your arm?"

The other blazed out in sudden fury.

"If you will have it, sir, they are my son's pictures! If a father has not the right to enter his son's house, who has?" He added with a sneer, "Possibly you, as well as I, are aware that even slight sketches of Robert Esdale's are worth money?"

"You mean to imply—" Merrion began. But he did not finish the sentence, for a dim meaning of the tragedy began to dawn on him. And as he looked at the pallid face the likeness to Esdale—and, alas, to Muriel—was unmistakable.

"If you are Esdale's father—well, I can say no more," and he stood aside. The other passed out without a word, and Merrion heard the gate clang before he followed. The window he closed after him; in the ordinary way locks and window-fasteners were not needed in Melworthy.

Esdale, then, had run away from his father! He and Muriel lived under some unlifiting shadow of dread. What it was that made the man such a terror to them Merrion could not conjecture; he was, at least, capable of what amounted to theft, and that simply for money. For what did he need money? Certainly Esdale was not the man to let his own flesh and blood starve. Naturally he thought more of Muriel than the painter; it was horrible to think of the tragedy overshadowing that sweet life.

Melworthy had lost its charm for Merrion, and he soon returned to town. It was easy enough to find Esdale's studio address, but Hugh learned that he was seldom there, and then only for a few weeks at a time. It was necessary to wait for chance to bring about a meeting.

In August the chance came. Merrion met Esdale face to face in one of the small

Bond Street galleries. They greeted each other quietly, and Esdale linked his arm in Hugh's and led him out into the street.

"It will be easier to talk if we're on the move," he said. They turned towards Piccadilly, and Esdale continued: "I owe you an explanation; you should have had it before if I had known your address. I heard what happened from my father. He was candid enough about it."

"I hope you don't blame me in any way?"

"Not in the least. . . . I told you that I never stayed long in one place; indeed, I have not known what home is for some years, though we make shift well enough."

"Wherever you three are, home is," said Hugh.

"Thank you for that, Merrion." He paused for a moment. "The plain truth is, I cannot have my father with us. I make him an ample allowance for ordinary needs, but it is never sufficient, for he has one need that is not ordinary. He has the deadly drug habit. He will get morphia at any cost—at the cost even of honour."

Merrion nodded. "I have known such cases," he said, "and I have known them to be cured."

"We have tried everything that patience and professional skill could suggest, but everything has failed. My sister and I, alone, might manage to bear the burden, but, Merrion, there is the child! I will not," he spoke fiercely, "have her come into contact with the thing. It could not be kept from her. You know how terribly these drug patients are affected at times. Therefore, when one resting-place is discovered, we have to fly to another. There is no other way."

"It's horrible," said Hugh.

"It's the old boy's one failing," said Esdale. "In all other respects he's as good as gold—but this turns the gold to lead. It began years ago, during a time of physical suffering and great mental stress. I believe the stuff tided him over a crisis, but it brought him, at last, to what you saw. Now you know the whole story."

"Good God!" cried Hugh, "but there must be some way out!"

"We can see none, except sending Ruth away, and even then—. . . But let's talk of something else now. Come along and see them."

THE EXPERIMENT

As they drove towards Regent's Park, Merrion's spirits rose ; at least he was going to see Muriel. For her there was a way of escape. But he felt sure she would never take it by way of a desertion, nor, indeed, could he ask it of her. He repeated to himself : "Surely, there must be some way out ?"

Ruth greeted him enthusiastically. "I generally," she explained, "rather like going away, but last time I hated it, and I'm sure Aunt Muriel and daddy did, too."

"It made me very sad, little one. But never mind. Here we are again !"

"You're quite the nicest friend I ever found," said Ruth.

Muriel was unchanged. She made no secret of her pleasure at seeing Hugh again ; rather she made it plain to him in a score of unconscious reminiscences. Hugh found himself strangely silent ; he wanted just to sit still and watch her, leaving the talking to Ruth. The child was like light, brimming with vitality. Surely, there must be some way out !

After a time Esdale took the child away. "You'll sit to me for half an hour, won't you ? I must just do a little, Merrion, if you'll excuse me. Don't run away. You'll lunch with us ?"

When the door closed there was silence for a time. Then Muriel, meeting Hugh's gaze steadily, said :

"He has told you ?"

"Yes."

"Then I need make no excuses."

"In any case there was need for none. A casual acquaintance has no claims."

"We're not like that !" she said smiling.

"Of course not ; I was talking nonsense."

"How do you think Ruth is looking ?"

"Splendid ! She's just a bit of perfect life."

"And how," asked Muriel,

"can we allow any sorrow to come near that ?"

"It would be terrible !"

He paused, pondering. How wonderful the appeal of childhood was, binding the world together in bonds not wholly of earth ! Suddenly an idea flashed into his brain.

"I may speak frankly ?" he asked.

"Yes, yes." She leaned towards him.

"It may be an absurd thing to say, but you'll forgive me if it is. Have you ever thought of the possibility of redemption by the child ?"

"You mean——" Her lips were parted in eagerness.

"The appeal of the child is infinite, and



"'I have another interest here,' said Merrion, laying a hand on Muriel's shoulder"—p. 758.

THE QUIVER

almost terrible. It touches the inner quick and fibre of the soul. Your father loves children—at least he loved them once—would it not be possible, by means of Ruth, to win him back to life, real life?"

"I have thought of it," she said. "I have even spoken of it—but my brother will hardly listen."

"I understand that. But you have faith?"

"You almost give it to me," she said.

"At least, the experiment could not do much harm. Isn't it worth trying?"

"If we could only convince him!"

"May I try?"

"Do, do! And, oh, if it succeeds—"

"If it succeeds"—he bent forward and held her hand for a moment—"well, perhaps then I can speak out my heart to you." Her eyes shone with tears.

It was a long time before Esdale could be persuaded; he fought against the idea passionately. But at last he submitted to a tentative experiment at least.

The sudden change of attitude, the invitation to stay with his children, utterly unnerved old Esdale at first. It was Merrion who carried the message to him, but his complete kindness and understanding wiped out the bitterness of their former meeting. After the older man had faced the proposition for a time in tremulous silence, Merrion said:

"Look here, Mr. Esdale, it would be as well for you to get yourself a bit fit before going to them, wouldn't it? I know that it's not all plain sailing. Come and stay with me for a time. It would do me good to look after you when the trouble's on."

To this, Esdale, utterly overcome, con-

sented, and for three weeks Merrion was practically his constant nurse. Only those who have seen or experienced the physical and mental collapse that follows the cessation of the abuse of that pernicious drug can understand what the struggle means. It is a martyrdom of flesh and spirit. But there came a day when he was able to enter his son's house and then, for the first time, the child and her grandfather knew each other.

It was a piteous joy to watch them together; the child unconscious of evil, the man tottering again and again on the verge of the abyss. But he held to this new love, this new consecration to the more excellent things of life, with heroic tenacity, and he won through to assurance and peace. Holding Ruth close in his arms—they had been together for six months then—he said:

"It's all over. I'm awake at last, little one."

"Why, of course you're awake, grandad!" she said.

"So," said the painter one evening to Muriel and Merrion, "you two were right. Thank God for it." They were watching the old man—he was younger now—playing some absurd game with the child in the garden. "Merrion, what are you going to do now? Your chief interest in life for the past six months has gone. What can we do for you, who have done so much for us?"

"I have another interest here," said Merrion, laying a hand on Muriel's shoulder.

"My dear fellow," said Esdale, "do you suppose I didn't know it?"

Muriel called softly to the child.





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LOITERERS.

(By Yeend King, V.P.R.I.)

My First Lecture

Some Reminiscences of Fifty Years Ago

By the Rev. FREDERIC W. MACDONALD

WHEN talking the other day with a friend on the subject of lectures and lecturing, he asked me when and where it was that I made my first attempt in that direction. I did not answer him. I smiled, and "put the question by." It awakened too many memories to be dealt with at the moment. It sent me back to early days, to days so distant, even reckoned by the calendar, so much more distant when measured by thought and feeling, that they seemed to belong to another existence. We "travel daily farther from the east," and the visions of the morning are best recalled at fitting times and with due preparation, sometimes to the accompaniment of smiles, sometimes of tears. Of the latter there is, happily, no fear in this instance. One's early experiences as a lecturer rather yield mirth in the remembrance, though there is usually a touch of pathos in our laughter when it is our youthful selves we are laughing at.

A Juvenile Society

Well, it was fifty years last year since I delivered my first lecture. It was at the Chelsea Athenaeum, a society long since extinct; and my subject was "The *Edinburgh Review* and its Writers," I being then just seventeen years old. The society was but recently established, and I joined it in January, 1859. I recall the little company of its founders and first members of which I am almost the sole survivor. There was Horace Norton, its organising secretary, ambitious, adventurous, unabashed. Our very juvenile venture might have been the Royal Society or the French Academy for the seriousness with which he took all matters that concerned it, proposing to treat as equals the representatives of the great learned societies, or, as I think he would have put it, the *other* great societies. To him we owed our sounding title. It had been proposed that we should call ourselves the Chelsea Mutual Improvement Society, but he swept the suggestion aside

as utterly inadequate, not to say degrading, and insisted upon Chelsea Athenaeum. The idea of mutual improvement might, of course, be kept in mind, but must on no account be proclaimed. As for embodying it in the very name of our association, such ostentatious humility was not to be thought of. An article that appeared in the *Daily News* in January, 1860, when we celebrated our first anniversary, put the thing in language which, if not inspired by our secretary, must have had his full approval: "About a year since the young denizens of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and its surroundings, determined upon erecting a temple to Pallas Athene somewhere in the district lying to the west of Sloane Square." Our actual place of meeting was the schoolroom of Christ Church, and the temple we sought to build was a structure invisible to all eyes but our own. Failing to secure Carlyle as our president, Norton was more successful in making up a list of patrons, as I am afraid they were called, from among the more distinguished residents in the Chelsea of that day. We propitiated the clergy, we cultivated the aristocracy, and we borrowed handsomely from among the local representatives of science and literature. From these we gained two good friends in Mr. Thomas Wright, scholar, antiquary, and learned editor; and Mr. Robert Hunt, of the school of mines, scientific author and lecturer. These gentlemen would come and take the chair for us in a kindly way, and they did their best to encourage us in reading and in studies, suffering our eloquence gladly.

Some Fellow-Members

Of my fellow-members a few may be mentioned. George Farrell was prominent among them, a little older than the rest of us, energetic, enthusiastic, and matter-of-fact in the highest degree. His enthusiasm did not carry him towards things transcendental, but moved along practical levels towards practical issues. He was

MY FIRST LECTURE

an engineer by profession and in grain, took delight in granite quarries, water-works, and bridge making, and was, I doubt not, of the opinion of the distinguished man who thought that the chief use of rivers was to feed navigable canals. He could be relied on for a paper in his turn, was resourceful in committee, a cheery companion, and a loyal friend. I remember his giving us an essay on Ancient Egypt, for which he prepared wonderful drawings and diagrams. Henry Curtis was also a good member, though he could not be induced to read papers. He had a delightful sister who used to accompany him to the meetings, whose somewhat caustic criticisms we held in wholesome awe. He soon afterwards moved on to Oxford, took orders, and spent many years as rector of a quiet country parish. Then there was Church, a Londoner of Londoners, a Chelseaiter bred and born, full of local knowledge and local sentiment, already a solicitor, and possessed of a vein of dry humour that must have been of service to him in his profession. Ormsby was a keen-visaged youth with long hair, an ardent and uncompromising Radical, whose very appearance and manner were as good as notice to all existing institutions that the time of reckoning was come. We were excellent friends all round, opposed each other's views and demolished each other's arguments, expending such witticisms as we had at command upon the lecturer of the evening, his subject or his mode of handling it, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. We had not a genius among us—the years that followed made that quite plain—but we had excellent spirits and fairly nimble wits, and most of us had, in addition, a few ideals and enthusiasms which our meetings helped to confirm. So the Chelsea Athenaeum had its uses, and may be remembered with kindness after this long time.

From the first our lecture evenings were open to the public, such small public as chose to avail itself of the privilege. Naturally, the audience consisted of the relatives and friends of the members. The lecturer's proud parents, a slightly jeering brother or two, sympathetic and admiring sisters, and—pleasing embarrassment—other fellows' sisters, were present

to give additional joy to his triumph, when that happened, and additional anguish to failure, when such it proved.

After being a member of the Athenaeum for a few weeks, I was invited to give a lecture, and with the interval of a fortnight for the selection of a subject and for preparation, I consented. In the light of subsequent events, and of the whole after-development of my life, I am inclined to think of the incident as an important one. I had, at the time, no dream of the ministry as my vocation, but I had some instinct or aspiration towards public speaking. This was, I think, in my temperament from the first, and it had betrayed itself in a rudimentary sort of way while I was yet a schoolboy. But it was now beginning to press with something like urgency. My hope was to be called to the Bar, and my ambition was to succeed there. I may as well make the confession complete, and add that I intended to be Lord Chancellor. I had, so to speak, placed my card on the woolsack as an intimation that I should occupy it by and by. I had even selected the title under which I should be called to the House of Lords. This title I have never divulged. It remains my secret. That some of my friends, much older and wiser than I was then, are now considering the same question—that they may be prepared for their peerage when it comes—who can doubt? May their secret hope blossom to fulfilment in due season.

Making a Beginning

In view, then, of the promotion I had marked out for myself, it seemed desirable to cultivate the art of speech, and here was an opportunity of making a beginning. From another side of things, also, I was being wrought upon. Morley Punshon was then at the height of his fame as an orator. I had many opportunities of hearing him in the pulpit and on the platform, and I was fascinated by his eloquence. I had heard nothing like it before, and I have heard nothing like it since for the spell it cast upon the hearer. The ornate, rhythmical sentences, the balanced period sweeping on to the inevitable climax were a magic that could not be resisted. To me it was an awakening, a quickening, an inspiration. And

THE QUIVER

then came a stirring of desire to follow in his glowing track, to discover the secret and practise the methods of his oratory. That appeared to me to be happiness, distinction, triumph. This was my state of mind when I prepared my first lecture. It was not at all my intention to read a paper, but to deliver an oration. Not to plod through a manuscript, with eyes fixed upon the paper and voice decorously monotonous, as was our way at the Athenæum; but to ride on the wings of the wind, to "shake the arsenal and fulmine over Greece," to scatter handfuls of golden speech at every step—these were the thoughts that filled my seventeen-year-old bosom, and under their influence I prepared my first lecture.

The Subject

My subject was, as I have said, "The *Edinburgh Review* and its Writers," not a very suitable one for a youth of my age, nor yet a promising one, it may be said, for the oratorical venture that I had in view. It came about in this way. We had in my father's house a long set of that famous Quarterly, from its beginning in 1802 to 1845, or thereabouts. On these volumes I had freely browsed, finding, among much that was unreadable, a good deal that interested me. This led me to seek information respecting its origin and history and principal contributors, and so I made acquaintance with Jeffrey, and Horner and Brougham, with Sydney Smith and Mackintosh, with Macaulay and Carlyle. It will be admitted that this was fairly stimulating company for a boy fifty years ago, and that until, from other points of the compass, thinkers and writers of other schools should disclose themselves, he could hardly do better than matriculate in this university of Whig critics, professors, and writers.

The Performance

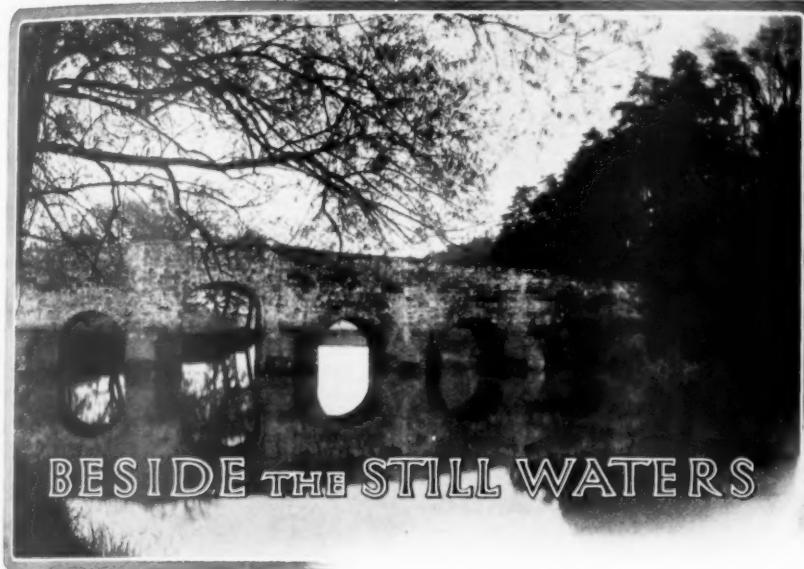
On the appointed evening I appeared on the platform without the customary manuscript. I had written my lecture and committed it to memory, and I delivered it *verbatim*, without the help of notes other than a few catch-words written upon a card that I held in my

hand. I staked everything upon my memory, and it did not fail me. I launched out upon the high seas, colours flying and all sails set. I had no misgivings, no qualified or hesitating judgments to offer. I characterised periods of history and schools of thought in a sentence, or even in a word. I disparaged the eighteenth century and eulogised the nineteenth, ridiculed pedants, denounced tyrants, apostrophised civil and religious liberty, and triumphantly assured the audience that "the schoolmaster was abroad." I drew portraits of the new reformers who had called into existence a great organ of political progress and intellectual light, the prophets who in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review* were proclaiming a millennium of rational liberty, popular education, mechanics' institutes, and savings banks. I served out Sydney Smith and Lord Brougham in bucketsful, and turned on Macaulay as with a hose. The effect was overwhelming, and when, after dilating upon Macaulay the essayist and Macaulay the orator, I recited "Horatius" from beginning to end, Mr. Hunt, the chairman, beamed approval, and the applause was loud and long. It is true that I had beforehand some little misgiving about bringing such a prodigious recitation into a subject with which it really had nothing to do; but I reflected that as time is made for slaves, so rules are for abject souls, and not for a youth with a good memory and some gift for reciting poetry.

Doubtless there were some present who saw how thin and poor was the intellectual basis of it all, how superficial the view, how small the stock of knowledge, how boyish the whole thing was from first to last; but it was youth's golden hour, goodwill abounded, and no one cared to criticise an effort so happy in its non-perception of difficulties, so joyously confident in its first flight through regions not before attempted.

Such was my first lecture, and I have been a lecturer ever since; though in the humbler methods and chastened style of after years few would recognise the speaker who fluttered the Chelsea audience of fifty years ago.

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BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

"The Day is Far Spent"

*A BIDE with me—abide, O Lord, I pray,
Unworthy of Thy presence though I be,
Through what is left me of the far-spent day,
Abide with me.*

*Once I was willing Thou shouldst come and
go ;
I walked in sunlight with dear company ;
Now I am weary, and the sun is low—
Abide with me.*

*Because the night will come, and only Thou
Canst make the spectres, Doubt and Fear,
to flee ;
Because I dare not live without Thee now,
Abide with me.*

E. A. T.



The Blessing of Friends

FRENDSHIP is a mutual enrichment. The stream refreshes the tree with its crystal waters, but the tree returns the favour by its cooling shade. Friends cannot go to each other empty-handed. There is always something to give and something to get that the needs of each be supplied. It is a commerce of souls. In giving you are getting, and in getting you are giving, and both friends are enriched.

The friend who is always receiving favours and conferring none soon becomes wearisome and profitless. Friendship has its obligations as well as its privileges. When our Lord said to His disciples, "I have called you friends ; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you," He would not let them rest in the thought that they had nothing to do but receive. What they received as revelation was to be returned as life. And hence He added, "I have chosen you," as friends, "that you should go and bring forth fruit."

The friend who only makes the poor return of flattery is to be shunned. There is no such flatterer as is a man's self ; and if his flattery is echoed from the soul of a friend, he may conclude that his friend's soul, which sends back his voice, is as empty as his own. One flatterer at a time is more than enough. He is one too many even for the best of men. Flattery is not an office of friendship.

One of the assumptions common to most men is that friendship can be maintained and flourish without culture. It is an assumption which leads to the disintegration of many a friendship. We forget that friendship is a flower, not a weed. It has to be tenderly cultivated, and demands our best thought and care. We cannot do what we like to a friend, nor can we say to him what we like. Friendship demands chivalry, respect, and reverence.

THE QUIVER

Rest

REST, tired feet, tired hands,
Always obeying commands,
Quick to anticipate need,
Instant in offer and deed,
Gentle, and gracious, and fleet;
Rest, tired hands, tired feet.

Rest, tired brow, tired eyes;
Swift intuition, and wise,
Kindly and merciful thought;
Vision that's prayerfully bought.
Watch on the morrow, but now
Rest, tired eyes, tired brow.

Rest, tired soul, tired heart,
Bid the day's dealings depart;
Comfort for shortcomings take.
Sleep, and to-morrow awake
Strengthened to press to the goal.
Rest, tired heart, tired soul.

M. BARTLETT.



The Danger Note

AT one of the big summer resorts on the west coast, where hundreds of bathers enjoy the surf, there is a watchman stationed in a tower on the roof of the hotel. His sole duty is to observe the tide.

After the tide has turned, and is on the ebb, there comes a time when the undertow will sweep the strongest swimmers from their feet, carrying them beneath the surface, and out to sea. The watchman knows when the dangerous time is at hand, and he rings a great bell to warn all concerned. Across the miles of sand beach the peal of the danger bell goes. When the bathers hear it, they turn at once to the shore. If one should say, "Just five minutes more of this fun, and then I will go out," he would be covenanting with death, for the bell demands instant obedience. There have been cases of disobedience, and always the result has been loss of life. Notices are placed in conspicuous positions calling attention to the importance of instantly leaving the water when the bell rings, and announcing that the refusal to do this clears the authorities of blame in case of accident.

In the moral life of all, the warning of conscience sounds the danger note. It bids us seek safety. The undertow of temptation is not to be trifled with. Security lies in avoiding it, under the warning of the voice of conscience. When we refuse to obey, disaster will follow, and the loss will be our own fault.

Do Your Best

SOME people will never assist in any good work unless in doing so they can outshine everybody else. If they cannot excel as singers, they will not sing at all; and if they cannot speak in meetings better than anybody else they will remain silent; if they cannot teach a Sunday School class as well as the most expert and experienced, they decline teaching altogether.

Now this is as if a man should refuse to be good or do any good whatever unless he could be and do more good than anybody else. This is just what the unprofitable servant did. We all know what he got for declining to do the best he could with his one talent. The widow's mite was more than all who gave of their abundance. The poor woman of Bethany shines as a star for ever and ever because she did what she could and what no one else would.

God requires of no one impossibilities. He simply demands of us according to our capabilities. He asks only a return of what He has already given us—nothing more. To refuse to give this because it is not equal to what others may render is sinful in the highest degree. Let us do what we can. To do less will bring us condemnation. To do our best—no matter how small that may be—is our imperative duty.



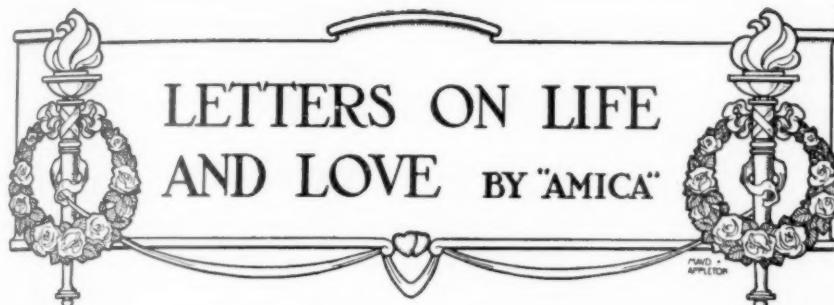
Be Happy

IN Iceland, instead of friend greeting friend with "How do you do?" or a "Good morning," as they meet, each says to the other in a pleasant way, "Be happy." It is a beautiful salutation and means much.

If we always met those with whom we come in contact in daily life with the desire that happiness should really be theirs, it would change much of life's dreariness into glad sunshine.

The Christian life should be a happy life. To the person who has not exercised saving faith, the Christian life is unattractive, gloomy, and dark. To the soul that believes in Jesus, the Christian life is sweet, fair, and bright.

Hawthorne once illustrated this truth by comparing faith to a grand cathedral with dimly pictured windows. Standing without you see no glory, nor can you possibly imagine any. Standing within, every ray of light reveals harmony of unspeakable splendour. And it might be added that when darkness falls upon the person outside, the glories appear through the illumined windows. Sometimes the darkness of adversity first causes the unbeliever to behold the glory of Christian faith.



No. 5.—To a Wife who does not Like her Husband's Relations

MY DEAR ALICIA.—Having donned my thinking cap on your behalf, and thinking my hardest for a while, I have arrived at the conclusion that it is more usual than you assume for members of young households to be not entirely cordial with those established by the previous generation. If Nature has implanted the instinct which makes beginners want to experiment without too much supervision at first, then it will be better to fit the tendency into the scheme of things than to struggle against it as something wicked and wayward. Nature, whom someone has called "the grand old Nurse," has hitherto led humanity very creditably, without stopping either to ask our opinion or to explain her motives.

I am very fond of measuring our habits against those of other lands, and of comparing and contrasting them with those of wild life, and I conclude from observation that Nature deems it desirable that newly-mated couples shall depend on themselves and each other for the happiness and utility of their life together.

It is not the easiest thing in the world for two people, brought up, it may be, under dissimilar conditions, to so establish their dual existence that, from the foundation to the coping stone, the whole edifice will be stately and fair. At the beginning of the business I think the architects should be disturbed from the outside as little as possible.

You were a little lonely child, and you grew up to be a sedate and reticent woman, naturally aloof from the "hail

fellow, well met" cordiality of exuberant families. By marriage you came into possession of five sisters and three brothers-in-law, as well as a second set of parents, and you think it strange and "horrid" that you cannot leap at once into their cordial frolicsome ways, and take each of these ten people to your heart of hearts.

My child, such expansiveness would be impossible, and I suggest that you never make the attempt; be kind in your way, but do not try to reconstruct your ideals and habits to something entirely alien; you will not succeed, and you will be very unhappy while the effort lasts.

You say you hate it when "the girls" help themselves to your postage stamps, lend your books without your permission, and rummage in your drawers for any small oddments of attire that they need at the moment. Well, why should you not dislike such liberties? You say they would not mind if you required them similarly; in fact, they would regard such communal acts as an evidence of friendliness, and you feel yourself prudish and disagreeable that you cannot enjoy the family habits, since Harry takes them as a matter of course, and would no doubt be glad if you could do the same.

In all probability your husband does not observe what is going on, and it will be wiser and better that he shall not do so, but in that case you must meet the difficulty yourself and deal with it.

Please do not think that Harry would

THE QUIVER

prefer you to be "good-tempered" like his sisters; had he done so he would have sought the type he was familiar with. I have no doubt he found you as refreshing as a patch of green in a florid garden. Never let your serenity go from any fear that because of your divergence from your new relatives he will disapprove of you. Human nature does not always dote on the accustomed; I do not think anyone ever chose his wife because she resembled his sisters. Remember that your lonely childhood tended to make you fanciful and exaggeratedly conscientious, and that a habit of self-reproach about nothing is your besetting weakness; but, in guarding against it, you need not run to the other extreme of trying to become an amiable bounder.

If you do not want to be visited all the year round by instalments of the family, why pretend that you do, or persuade yourself that you ought? I know no habit that so seldom is requited with gratitude as the habit of hospitality, and reluctant hospitality is twice cursed. A party now and then will be far more acceptable to young people than an ever-ready guest chamber, and will prove much less of a tax on you. But if this will not suffice, then ask a definite number, preferably two together; specify the duration of their visit, and do not assume that it shall extend a single day longer. Meanwhile keep what is absolutely private and personal under lock and key, and ask that your books shall not be left in the conservatory or on the lawn. You will not be as popular momentarily as if you acquiesced in everything, but the careless annexation of other people's goods is a social bad habit, and if you can make your new relatives realise this, you will render them a very great and permanent service.

To be acceptable guests anywhere, people should provide themselves before they come with everything necessary to their daily requirements, and should not expect to be supplied with notepaper, stamps and sewing materials, any more than with slippers and under linen. I remember once inviting four girls together for a week-end, and not one of them

brought even a nightgown or a sponge. You never would have committed a solecism of that kind; but you were well brought up.

When visitors are very young, and presumably short of cash, a thoughtful hostess considers their case, and arranges accordingly; but as a general rule a sturdier and happier character is built by those who depend on themselves for indispensables, whether these be pins, pocket-money, or pastimes.

I assent to your assurance that the opening of your drawers and cupboards and the reading of your unsealed letters is not mean, but just "their way"; I fully agree with you that what is above-board is not on the same level as what is secretly undertaken; but habits may be very unpleasant that no one would condemn as dishonest. As a rule, in a world like this—and I think we are not likely to have another immediately—all business letters should be answered promptly and, unless they partake of the nature of a legal document, destroyed when answered, and no letter of a personal character, or that deals with private matters, should ever be read by or submitted to anyone but the addressee. In olden times correspondence partook of the nature of general conversation; where letters had to be franked by a public personage, or posted at much cost, their contents were compiled for the district and were passed round, but in this day of penny stamps, people write as thoughtlessly as they speak when alone with a friend, and letters should be received and treated as personal. The candid and jolly would consider this view mere prudery, but habits of mind evolve manners, and ultimately we are what we are. I have seen so much permanent wrong established by the repetition of conversations and the reading of letters not intended for general exhibition, that reticence occupies a place now in that well-defined region where lies our duty to others. Even where people mean no harm, they must be reminded of the danger of doing harm.

When you have to deal with those who are obviously not sensitive you will have to administer an occasional

LETTERS ON LIFE AND LOVE

direct rebuke (which will hurt you ten times more than the recipient); you will have to prepare yourself for it as carefully as an athlete does for the arena, and with as much grit and self-denial; but it is worth doing, and each encounter will make the subsequent one easier. Do not think your new relatives will hate you for defining the boundaries round your demesne, they will merely call you a precise little person, and declare that you ought to have been an old maid.

With your parents-in-law the case is different. A good deal is due to these from their children by marriage. If their son is manly and lovable, they had much to do with making him so, and it would be a miracle if any mother thought any other woman quite good enough for her son. It is the way of the older generation to consider the man the natural head of the house (especially when he first belonged to them); but perhaps, in the abstract, every woman is disposed to think they may be right. I am all for Women's Rights, am a Suffragist, and all the rest of it, but I am for man's rights too, and I agree with our progenitors that the house-provider, usually the man even to-day, deserves to be treated as the big power.

You may think you know Harry better than they do, but at least they have known him longer, and it will do you no harm to be told what he did and approved of before he knew you. If he treats you as a rare and great personage in their presence, you need not wonder if they look on a little coldly, especially the mother. My dear, no woman born of woman could do otherwise; for your strengthening I may assure you that when you have a married son, you will do just the same. Why, the mother petted that boy all his life, knew there was no one like him except the other three; and to see any chit of a girl not waiting on him, but actually making him fetch and carry, is always a disconcerting experience. When they find out that you are assisting him, are making his life easier and happier, then will you have your reward, in full measure, pressed down and flowing over.

As they will not come too often, or

stay too long, try to give the period of their visit as much of a gala aspect as you can. Keep up a high level of cheerfulness while they stay; it will do you good also, and do not be hopelessly disconcerted if they warn you against extravagances before they leave, seeing how much you have spent on them. When they learn later that neither debts nor duns follow you at the year's end, they will consider you a great financier and domestic diplomat. For all happy intercourse each must now and then cross the valley to look at the prospect from the other's standpoint.

One other little point. Do not tell Harry of the disappointing ways of his kindred. I know you would never begin this deliberately, you are too much of a lady, but you tend to be tearful, and sympathy might tempt you in an unguarded moment to unbosom yourself. Once in your history a full statement might do no harm, but as a rule, deal with your difficulties yourself. To do this will develop the qualities with which you are constitutionally least dowered, and also it will deliver Harry from all the paltriness which discussion of people tends to foster in a man. I think our conception of that creature is greater than he. Be that as it may, we do not desire to drag him from the eminence we have accorded him. I do not know any habit as baleful as that of talking people over, saying they are this or that; to tell the most scandalous and false tales concerning them is not half so bad. I would rather know that any man I am interested in had lost all his capital and half his income than that he had acquired the habit of making conversation circle round the characteristics and usages of the people he knows.

Wives sometimes think that their husbands may always be called on to support all their claims, and to justify all their actions; that they are Goliaths who may always be summoned to settle, in the wife's favour, each difficulty with the kitchen-maid and each squabble in the family. That is the kind of minor sin whose punishment is more sin; sometimes there are other consequences, but the first and worst is learning to do

THE QUIVER

habitually what should never be done at all.

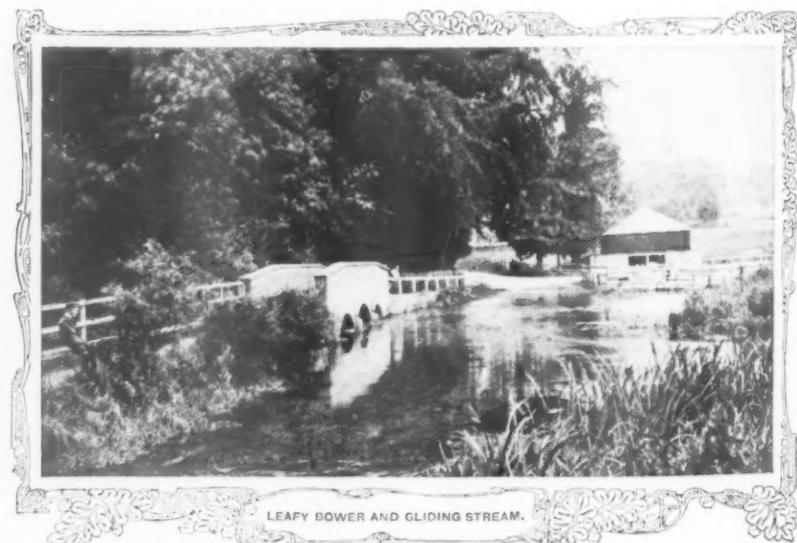
It is not an easy matter to establish perfect relations with other individuals, or classes of individuals, but it can be done, and the first requisite is that we shall ask just what is right, and no more, from them, and that we shall accord them what is their due promptly and cordially. "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you" need not be ignored as too high for us, because it really means only what it sets forth; it does not mean to make agonising sacrifices for the unthankful and the unworthy, but just to do freely and gladly what you would like to have done to you in similar case.

Then if, when all that is fair and reasonable has been attempted, you feel there are people in the world with whom you can never get on, people who always mistake your meaning, disturb your estimates, and disconcert your plans, be assured, after due reflection, that you and that person or persons are not akin, and that your duty is to fix a zone of peace between your spheres.

There are many people whom we can judge justly at a distance—whose good qualities we can recognise, but with whom we cannot consort with pleasure or profit. In that case feeling is uttering the mandate of the spirit, and it must not be disregarded. Keep apart from these alien mounds, not with noisy trumpeting and display of weapons, but in civil silence, or making, it may be, an interchange of Christmas cards and birthday greetings. The world is made beautiful when we each build our own little house of joy, and spread out our bit of smiling garden; and our duty to the powers that make for peace is to close the outer boundary against those who, for any reason, want to enter the first enclosure with a steam plough and the other with a bomb. If people cannot march together, work together, reside together contentedly, then let them keep apart in God's name. So presided over, disunion will be without bitterness, and, in time, kindly thoughts may poise like singing birds above the chasm.

Affectionately yours,

AMICA.



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ACCORDING to the calendar the summer season does not commence until the 21st of June, but notwithstanding the old tradition that more rain falls during this month than in almost any other of the year, the "month of roses" is always looked forward to as bringing warmth and sunshine with its advent. Visions of holidays—of cool country lanes and refreshing dips in the sea—rise before our eyes, but ere these day-dreams can become realities, June and July, and in some cases even August and September, must pass, and the heat and dust of towns and cities be endured.

In these circumstances then, the best thing to do is to render our homes as comfortable and cool as possible, for even the keenest of housewives feel that they cannot throw the same amount of enthusiasm into their daily tasks, nor battle with the housekeeping problems as vigorously during the summer months as they can in the cooler weather. And yet the majority of women fail to see how easily the work of the house, and the labour entailed in the preparation of heavy meals, can be simplified and reduced, thus saving themselves and others time and trouble, and providing leisure to spend in the open air enjoying the sunshine while it lasts.

The first step to take is to make a tour of the house and banish all those objects which make the rooms look and feel stuffy, and harbour dust. For instance, the portières and heavy curtains—very cosy and draught-protecting in winter but decidedly hot-looking and certainly keeping out a generous supply of fresh air in summer. Give them a good beating out of doors,

after which they may be folded, plentifully sprinkled with naphthaline balls, and wrapped in stout brown paper, whence they will emerge clean and all the better for their temporary rest in the autumn. There is economy in this plan too, for nothing rots and fades woollen materials so quickly and effectually as does the heat of the sun. Tapestry, chenille and silk table covers should also be put away, and dainty white or gaily-coloured printed ones substituted in their places. Muslin covers for cushions and chair pillows can be made for a few pence, and however plain and unpretentious, they give a fresh and cool appearance to the dullest room. During the tour of inspection it will probably be found that a number of ornaments, etc., can be dispensed with. A couple of prettily framed photographs and a vase of newly-gathered wild or garden flowers present a far more restful sight for tired eyes than does a miscellaneous collection of over-crowded bric-à-brac—to say nothing of the time saved when dusting. In the bedrooms eider-down quilts and spare blankets should be removed from beds, and replaced by light printed coverlets. If the rooms face south or west and are hot at night, stand a large shallow vessel filled with water on the window-sill and leave the bottom of the window open to admit the water-cooled air. Several folds of flannel well soaked with water and spread on the sill will have the same cooling effect.

Cleaning brass and silver are two household duties which demand considerable vigour and energy. Could not most of these articles be thoroughly cleaned and then put away for the time? Not, of

THE QUIVER

course, the necessary table and writing-stand appointments, but large pieces of metal such as dishes, cake baskets, bowls, candlesticks, and tea or coffee urns. China and glass substitutes can be obtained at a very trifling cost, and these look delightfully pretty on the table, and may be used in any household without loss of housewifely self-respect.

The same principles apply to catering. Hot stews, curries, suet puddings, and rich savouries are apt rather to take away than to stimulate one's appetite. It is not always easy to know what to have instead, but even plain bread and cheese with a crisp lettuce is far more wholesome and appetising than most hot made-up dishes. Fish is plentiful, and many varieties are to be had, but great care should be exercised to ascertain it is absolutely fresh.

Fern leaves are an excellent food preservative for all kinds of perishable food, and if fresh meat, fish, butter, and fruit are covered with fern leaves no flies, maggots or larvæ will approach them. This is no doubt due to the large percentage of salt in the leaves.

Butter may be kept sweet and firm in the following manner: Procure a large clean flower-pot and a piece of flannel large enough to completely cover the pot. Place the butter on a plate, put the flower-pot over it, arrange the flannel, and thoroughly moisten it with cold water. If the flannel is kept wet, the butter will be as firm as if it were stood on ice.

Eggs, fresh vegetables and salads, and fruit are the safest articles of diet, varied when possible with poultry and fish.

There are almost endless well-known recipes for the first-named comestible, but perhaps the following may be new to my readers:

Eggs à la Bourgeoise.—Take a shallow fireproof dish and butter it thinly. Cover with thin slices of bread from which all the crust has been removed, and on that lay slices of cheese. Break as many eggs as are required on to the cheese, season with salt, pepper, and, if liked, a little nutmeg. Set the dish in a warm oven and cook until the eggs are sufficiently set.

Egg Cutlets.—Make a little thick white sauce and boil the required number of eggs till they are hard. Shell them and cut into dice, then stir them into the sauce

with a little chopped parsley, and, if liked, a finely-minced onion. Pour the mixture on to a plate. When cold form into cutlets, dip in beaten egg and fine breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Chopped mushrooms may be substituted for the onion.

Anchovy Eggs are a pretty and wholesome cold supper dish. Boil the eggs until they are hard, remove the shells and divide into halves. Take out the yolks and pound them with butter and anchovy paste or sauce. Cut off a tiny piece of the whites so that they will stand on a dish, pile the flavoured yolks back into the hollows, place them on a dish in a bed of watercress, and serve with brown bread and butter.

Of all summer vegetables spinach is perhaps the most valuable, but alas, also the most neglected. The old adage "Spinach and leek, Lily fair in a week" is as true to-day as when it was first spoken, and the frequent eating of this delicate green has an excellent effect on the system. It is not the cooking, but the washing, of this vegetable that is considered so tedious, and the best way to overcome this difficulty is to cleanse the spinach in a very large bowl of water, lifting it handful by handful from the water, not draining the water from the spinach as is usually done. It should cook very slowly with only a tablespoonful of water, if more is added the valuable salts contained in the vegetable will be wasted. When cooked it should be squeezed dry in a cloth, chopped finely, or better still pounded in a mortar, seasoned with salt, pepper and sugar. A small piece of butter or a little cream greatly improves the flavour.

A dainty manner of serving spinach is as follows: Cut some half-inch slices of bread and remove the centre of each to a depth of a quarter of an inch. Fry these lightly in boiling lard, drain well and place on a hot dish. Prepare the spinach as above, and when hot fill the little bread moulds with the vegetable, sprinkling hard-boiled and grated egg over each portion. In some parts of the country young dandelions and nettles are often used instead of spinach. The leaves are cooked in exactly the same way, and either make a delicious substitute for the garden-cultivated vegetable.

PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY AND THE SIMPLE LIFE

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

IN the village of Rotherfield, Sussex, there exists a small community of women, who in a quiet and simple fashion are doing a splendid work.

In the year 1905 a cottage home was built with the idea of providing holidays for defective London children, and a temporary retreat for women who wished to live a useful and simple life.

During the last few years a regular stream of children from the London slums have passed through the home, small waifs of humanity, blind or deaf or imbecile, for whom the ordinary holiday home cannot provide. In a quiet way, without talk or ostentation, the Sisters-in-charge are doing a splendid work. They are slumming in the ideal way, because they take the children out of the slums, they provide the convalescent with the opportunity of regaining health, they give a few weeks' real happiness in the country to many destitute boys and girls every year.

The settlement is built in simple cottage style, is furnished with dainty simplicity, and accommodates four Sisters and four children. The floors are of polished wood; the walls, of cream-washed brick, form an artistic background to the old prints and books belonging to the Sisters. The home was evidently designed by an artist, and the brick fireplaces and small-paned windows give the appearance of antiquity to a house which contains all modern hygienic conveniences. As the accommodation is small, arrangements are made for boarding out other children in the farm houses in

the neighbourhood. An adjacent cottage, "The Acorn," which is run on settlement lines by one of the Sisters, provides more accommodation during the holiday season. Miss Honnor Morten, the Sister-in-charge, and well known as a member of the old London School Board, gave me some interesting information with regard to the work and the ideals of the settlement when I visited the place.

The Sisters pay one guinea a week and at the same time do the work of the house and look after the children. The rules are simple and merely prescribe regular periods of physical and mental work, hours for silence and recreation, and simplicity of dress and surroundings.

The Rules

Among the rules are the following:—

1. Members must wear a short, simple dress, the sleeves of which can be turned up to the elbow. No jewellery must be worn except a brooch.

2. One hour each day must be spent in silence, either in meditation or in study of certain selected books.

In the "Observance Book" the Sisters



MISS HONNOR MORTEN'S SETTLEMENT.

THE QUIVER

voluntarily sign their names to certain "observances." "We desire to oppose all luxury and extravagance and the anti-social multiplication of our daily wants" is one of the first vows.

The days are divided into three sections, and each week different duties are allotted to the Sisters. The Sister who has charge of the kitchen and cooking in the morning, for example, has her afternoon off-duty, and devotes her evening to the children.

What a real practical rest-cure this cottage settlement offers to women who are tired of a life of pleasure or strenuous endeavour in the world! For a few weeks one can live an absolutely healthful life, one can escape from selfish aims into a life of unselfish labour for others. So can health of mind and body be secured better than by any medical "treatment," however expensive it may be.

The scheme is perfect, chiefly because its aims at social regeneration are so simple and yet so far-reaching. The Sisters bring the children into their home, they give them health, and by example and personal effort inculcate high ideals and moral strength. First, the physical health of the child is regenerated. Plain but nourishing food, regular hours of rest and sleep, and long days in the open air metamorphose the pale, hungry-eyed, city gamin into quite a sturdy specimen of childhood in a few short weeks. Perhaps it is his first taste of country life. The garden with its shady corners, the pond with all its wonders of animal life, the splendid woods and stretches of country, are a never-ceasing joy and delight. The neighbours are very good to the children. Tea parties and picnics are sometimes provided for these small, appreciative visitors from London.



FOUR BLIND INMATES OF THE SETTLEMENT.

They are easily pleased, and soon learn to laugh and play and enjoy themselves as all young people have a right to do.

The moral training is going on all the time. It would be impossible for a child, whatever faults of character he might arrive with, to fail to become obedient and unselfish in such surroundings.

The combination of kindness and quiet discipline exercises moral suasion on the child which is so much more effective than any system of correction. The children are naturally good and happy, and never require "punishment" at all.

In one year perhaps seventy children come under the influence of the Sisters. How long do they stay? Perhaps a fortnight, a month—at least until they have gained a certain measure of health. "Do they feel the sadness of returning home after the environment here?" "Fortunately, no," says Miss Morten; "we make a great fuss about seeing mother again, and they are generally quite interested in returning home to tell all their adventures." "The blind and deaf children are wonderfully interesting, wonderfully quick and clever." Betty, a little deaf girl of six years, seemed indeed the personification of happiness. She has been at the Cottage for over a year, and it is probable that the Sisters will adopt her altogether. Many of the children return over and over again. "They look upon it as their country house," Sister Honnor said. It is good work quietly done. The home is an example which others might follow with benefit to themselves as well as to poor and needy waifs and strays in the London slums. In such work hundreds of lonely women now leading empty, self-centred lives might find happiness and content.



HOW TO ARRANGE A FLOWER SOCIAL

By BETTY FINCH

SUMMER time generally brings with it a cessation of the ordinary indoor meetings of Church clubs and guilds. The members, however, often look forward to picnics and rambles as happy reunions during the summer months. It is often a hindrance to large picnic parties that so much must be spent on railway fares, and the leader of the Bible-class, or president of the club, has to arrange for a less expensive entertainment for her guests. If a large garden can be borrowed for an afternoon or evening, much of the difficulty will be solved.

The invitations should be worded as enticingly as possible, and the announcement of "A Flower Social with Competitions and Prizes" will surely be attractive.

Competitions are always welcome, and a very pretty one can be arranged by preparing symbols representing the names of well-known flowers, for the guests to wear. The preparation of these symbols should be begun several days before the Social, as it takes a little time and ingenuity to arrange them. Of course, only well-known garden and wild-flower names must be chosen. The following hints may be useful, and also suggest other names and symbols.

A small teacup with a tiny smear of butter inside will represent buttercup.

One of the frying-pans from the Monkey Brand advertisements should be cut out and pasted on a small card, and the letters "SY" written on it in ink, and a symbol for pansy is ready to wear.

For "bachelor's buttons" prepare a strip of cloth with two or three broken buttons left on their threads, and two or three dangling by long "necks" of thread. This will interest gentlemen guests, if there are any.

A tiny bell, such as is used for a kitten or for children's reins, tied up with several strands of hair (horsehair if preferred) will symbolise harebell.

The wild hemlock can be represented by a piece of cotton material with an obvious hem, and either a picture of a lock from a door, or a picture of a lock of hair cut from the many advertisements of wonderful hair-restorers. A bunch of moss attached to

the "rose" of a watering-can will suggest moss rose, and a drawing of a hand-bell painted blue a bluebell.

Broom and thyme can be represented by a doll's-house broom and the picture of a watch. Sweet pea can be ingeniously contrived by shaping the letter "P" in icing sugar on a piece of stiff paper.

A picture postcard of snow-covered mountains will be a pretty symbol for "snow-on-the-mountain." Such flowers as foxglove, cowslip, yellow flag, pink, snowdrop, wall-flower, tulip, dog-rose, and golden rod can be represented very easily. These will suggest many more. Pictures and pictorial advertisements are often very useful to those who have not the time or capacity for drawing and painting symbols.

If a very large number of guests are present the symbols can be duplicated. The symbols should be numbered so that competitors need not trouble to write the names of their fellow guests. Provide the competitors with pencils and guessing cards ruled into two columns with "No. of guest" and "Flower represented" at the head of each. Each competitor must write her own name at the back of the card.

The hostess should have a key to the competition with the numbers in a list to correspond with the symbols:

1. Moss Rose.
2. Buttercup.

This will facilitate the task of correcting the lists. When the time for the competition has elapsed—about forty-five minutes—collect the lists and correct them. If the correct list is read out to two or three helpers the checking of the names of symbols is not a lengthy or difficult task.

Refreshments will probably fill in the time agreeably until the announcement of the names of the winners can be made. A flowering plant in a dainty pot cover will be suitable for the ladies' first prize.

While the guests are still seated, after the refreshments, announce a memory test competition. Ask those who wish to compete to arrange their chairs in a circle, or in two circles if over thirty are present. Give a card and pencil to each competitor, and then place on a table in the middle of the

THE QUIVER

circle a square shallow box, containing about twenty fairly-well-known flowers (garden and wild), stuck in the damp soil or sand so that they stand upright. The box or boxes should be prepared beforehand, of course. Allow about two minutes for the guests to notice the flowers, and then remove the box and ask them to write lists of as many of the flowers contained in the box as they can remember. A small prize will be quite sufficient for this competition, as it does not entail much time or labour on the part of the competitors.

A scent competition is more novel than the last mentioned, and is arranged very easily. Prepare beforehand six or eight flowers or plants with distinctive perfumes, in vases or pots, and number them in order. It is well to arrange that all are not very sweet scented, but to have lemon plant, mint, or lavender in the set. The numbered vases should be placed on a table behind a screen. The competitor is blindfolded and led by the hostess or her helper behind the screen. She then has to guess the names by smelling the flowers. A card ruled as below is the easiest method of scoring.

NAMES OF COMPETITORS

Names of Flowers	Miss Smith	Miss Brown
Rose . .	I	X
Mint . .	X	I
Cherry-pie .	I	X
Lemon plant .	I	I
Madonna lily .	I	I
Mignonette .	X	I
Sweet pea .	X	I
Lavender .	I	I

The helper will keep the score as the competitor guesses. If a large number are likely to compete, duplicate sets of flowers behind screens should be arranged with a helper to take charge.

While this competition is being carried on a flower-arranging competition can be worked at the same time. Arrange beforehand a variety of flowers and foliage in a number of glass jam-jars containing water. These should be as evenly balanced as possible in the quantity and beauty of the flowers, but should not be blended as to colours. Give one jar and a vase to each competitor. The vases should be as alike as possible. Places and numbers should be allotted to the competitors at a long trestle table or at separate small ones. The competitors must not consult each other

or exchange flowers, but choose from their own jars those which will make the daintiest groups; although they are not obliged to use all the flowers provided. The hostess should have a list of the competitors and their respective numbers. The judge or judges should award the prizes before knowing the names. If there are gentlemen present, and they can be persuaded to enter in a separate class, their efforts may be amusing and sometimes surprising to the onlookers.

Some hostesses may prefer to arrange for games instead of some of the competitions mentioned. In any case, "something to end up with" that is novel and amusing will be a boon to the hostess and entertaining for the guests. Announce a "Treasure Hunt," and give each guest a little card tied with a coloured ribbon. Each card must have a different colour or colours, and should have the following exciting description written on it: "Hidden treasure for you. I am in a little box tied with yellow ribbon. If you want to find me you will have to wander round the garden, peeping under bushes, flower-pots, and boxes. You will find a clue somewhere to guide you to my hiding-place."

These cards should be cyclostyled and filled in with the different colours for each guest if they are too many to be written separately. The "clue" should be a card tied with ribbon to match the first, fastened to a tree by a drawing-pin or hanging on a bush of flowers. This card should have such words as: "Not three feet away from here there is a treasure to be carried off by the bearer of a yellow favour." Or it could be more mysterious, and have allusions to various objects which must be passed before the treasure can be found. Old boxes, flower-pots, pails and watering-cans should be placed about the garden, apparently hiding great treasures. Some should be mere blinds, but others should contain treasures or clues to the finding of such.

Bushes of flowers, clefts in trees, niches in walls, will all be good hiding-places. The treasure-box should contain a fancy hand-kerchief, dainty collar, lace brooch, tie, or bow—anything which will be useful or ornamental. The little gifts contained in the treasure trove may be quite inexpensive, but they will be valued as mementoes of the Flower Social.

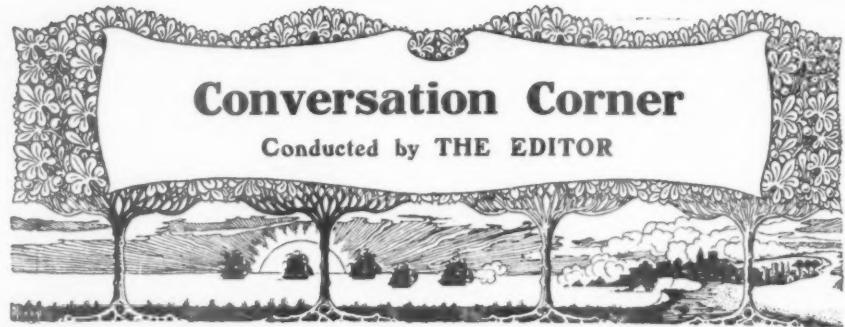


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THE WORK ROOM.
(By T. B. Kemington.)

Conversation Corner

Conducted by THE EDITOR



Our Missionary Number

FIRST of all I must offer my best thanks to all who helped to make last month's Missionary number a success. I write this too long in advance to speak as fully as I should like in this connection; but I must particularly mention the cordial sympathy and help I have received from the various Missionary Societies in making the number known. I am hoping that this special venture will mean increased support in a financial direction for them as well as rekindled interest and enthusiasm in their work. I may say how pleased I shall be at any time to receive contributions for Missionary Societies, as well as for other philanthropic and religious institutions.



To Those in Prison

CONSIDERABLE interest has been expressed in reference to the remarks I made in a recent number about a correspondent who read *The Quiver* in prison. Lady Lindsay has kindly sent me one or two issues of her little paper, "Green Leaves," which she produces for the express purpose of distribution to those in prison; I think this is an excellent idea. I have in mind another work which is quietly done by a number of good people for the help of prisoners; but I am leaving this over to be dealt with in an issue later in the year.



From the Gold Coast

THAT our magazine penetrates into the most out-of-the-way corners of the earth is continually shown by the correspondence I receive. I have just had a letter from a young fellow in the Gold Coast Colony who says that he is six days' journey from the nearest postal town. However, he is enthusiastic about the work of the League

of Loving Hearts, and is very anxious to plant a branch in his district. The letter is written in that quaint English which comes from the educated natives in that part; but there is a touching straightforwardness and sincerity about it which make the letter delightful. I wish my young friend every success in his efforts.



A Canadian Author

IN common with many other readers on both sides of the Atlantic, I have been deeply impressed by Professor Osborne's recently issued volume, "The Faith of a Layman" (Cassell and Co., Ltd.). Mr. Osborne is Professor of English at the Manitoba University, and one of the most thoughtful and original minds among the leaders of the churches in Canada. He carefully and critically analyses the tendencies of modern church life, and points out where we are likely to go astray. He pleads for quieter, deeper thinking, and more sincere living. One of his finest chapters—they are all, by the way, written in most excellent English—is entitled "Voices that Come in the Silence." I feel sure that his message will be taken to heart both by our leaders, and the rank and file in our churches.



The Keswick Convention

FOR a short time next month earnest souls from all branches of the Church will be gathering together at Keswick for the convention which is held there every year. In my next issue Mr. J. K. Maclean is giving an article on the history and meaning of the Keswick Convention. This should prove helpful as well as interesting to all my readers. It will be fully illustrated with photographs of the leaders, and pictures of some of the meetings.

CONVERSATION CORNER

What to do with Slum Children

ONE of the most awkward problems of both religion and philanthropy is the "slum child." For some years past the Rev. Henry T. Meakin of Bermondsey has been studying the problem. The result of his investigations, and a rather startling suggestion for the future treatment of this class, is contained in an interview which Mr. Arthur P. Grubb has had with Mr. Meakin, and will appear in our next issue under the title "The Church for Slum Children."



Matrimonial Discord

GENERAL interest has been shown in the short papers on practical subjects which have been appearing in our pages for some time past. The letters from my readers expressing disagreement I value just as much as those expressing approval, because it is only reasonable that when questions of this nature are dealt with there must be some differences of opinion. Mrs. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser has written what I think to be one of her best articles, on the subject of "Matrimonial Discord." This will be a feature of our July issue.



New Stories

THE stories in our next number are by well-known authors, and are of varied character. Mr. A. B. Cooper gives a delightful love story under the title "Harold Mackenzie's Quest." Mr. J. Morton Lewis contributes "Mamie," Mr. George R. Sims (the author of "The Cry of the Children")

writes a pen picture "The Prison Robin." I am very pleased to announce that I have secured a charming story by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey. I do not think Mrs. Vaizey has contributed to these pages before, but her delightful work must be known to at least all my feminine readers. "Flaming June" and "Chrystabel" have established her reputation as a writer in the front rank; whilst her numerous stories for girls have won her the heart of girlhood the world over. Her story in our next issue is entitled "The Double Event."



The Secret of Popularity

MOST people wish to be popular, but to only a few is the secret of popularity known. In the June number of *Cassell's Magazine* there is a practical article on popularity and the art of cultivating it, by Orison Swett Marden, which should prove of universal interest. Mr. Charles E. Benham contributes a remarkable article on the marvels of radium, entitled "The Modern Philosopher's Stone," and Mr. Ladbrooke Black describes some red-letter days in the history of Cambridge University, in his article on "Famous Cambridge 'Rags.'" The same number contains splendid stories by such well-known writers as Keble Howard, Max Pemberton, Henry A. Hering, and Armiger Barclay.

The Editor

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS

THE following is a list of contributions received up to and including April 20th, 1910. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For Dr. Barnardo's Homes: L. R., 5s.; "Bradford," 1s. Total, 6s.

For The British Home and Hospital for Incurables: A. B. (Ipswich), 3s.

For Ragged School Union Cripples' Fund: R. H., 2s. 6d.

For Church of England Waifs and Strays Society: E. M. (Birkenhead), 2s. 6d.

For Ragged School Union Fresh Air Fund: Pte. Crossen, 2s. 8d.

For The Church Army: E. B. (Highbury), 4s.

Sent direct to Dr. Barnardo's Homes: M. McQ., £5; E. A., 10s.

Sent direct to Church Missionary Society: Anonymous, £1.

THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS

THE following are the sums received from old and new members up to and including April 20th, 1910:—

6s. from L. H., A. F., and M. T.

5s. from "A Reader of THE QUIVER."

4s. from A. E. D.

2s. 6d. each from Miss Carrington, J. W., Miss A. J. Docker, E. Jones, G. S. Buckley Williams.

2s. each from Miss Isabella Steven, C. May Young, E. B., the Misses Boosey.

1s. each from Mrs. M. A. E. Turner, Miss Rose B. Heard, Emily Simkins, Miss C. Fillmore, E. L. Apawusu, Miss R. Turmaire, Mrs. L. G. Legg, Mrs. Bessie Walter, Emma Porter, T. Holditch, Mrs. Evershed, Miss Evershed, A. Holdron, Mrs. K. Duck, C. M. K. Gale.



Boys' and Girls' Own Pages

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

The Companionship Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"

MY DEAR COMPANIONS, I hope you have all received the post-cards I sent saying that "Our Scheme" was being made public in the May QUIVER. Some of you did, I know, because acknowledgments have come. It was a great happiness to me to notice how eager you were to have some definite piece of work we could undertake together, and to welcome so many ready promises of assistance. Even while you did not know what the plan was, a number of you gave your pledge to co-operate, and that shows a faith in us—the Editor and myself—that we appreciate thoroughly. I hope during these glad June days to have a big shower of letters from you, and from new Companions, containing suggestions as to ways in which Our Scheme may be made a huge success—because—as I told you last month—I am *ambitious*. Here, for the sake of readers who may not have seen the May QUIVER, perhaps I had better just outline our new enterprise in the hope that they will hurry up to have a share in it. They would do well, by the way, to get a copy of the May magazine, because it contains photographs which they will like to keep.

"— Serve One Another"

You see, we, as Companions, did not want our Corner to exist merely for the sake of giving each other entertainment once a month. We want, unitedly, to be of service to some other boy or girl—or boys and girls. And now Vera Andrews has given us such a high motto to live up to it is more urgent than ever that we do something. We have started by adopting one of Dr. Barnardo's big family. Our young protégée, Violet Little, is such a charming, jolly girl that I

am sure you would all love her at once if you could see her—as I did. She went to Canada in March, and is being boarded out. That means, as most of you know, that some kind people in the Dominion are having her to live in their home, sending her to school, and letting her be just like their own little daughter. You can't think how lovely it is for Violet to have such a beautiful home as she will live in over there, for the first part of her life has not been in at all happy surroundings. That is, of course, till she went to Dr. Barnardo's Home a year ago. But this wonderful chance to become a fine woman can't be given to Violet without money. Dr. Barnardo's work needs ever, ever such a lot every year. So you and I have undertaken to see that the necessary funds are collected. Do you not think it is a thing worthy of our motto? To give even one little maiden the opportunity that Violet will have, if we are faithful to our trust, is truly to carry out those Divine words about the "cup of cold water." And I can't think that the honourable records of QUIVER readers will be broken now, or that my Companions will not set to work with a splendid will to tackle this business. Each year we shall need to collect £13, and this year an extra £10 is wanted to pay for Violet's outfit and the journey across the Atlantic.

I told you of our Editor's kind gift—the first two guineas of our Fund. How shall we get the other money? Please each one of you write and say what part you can bear.

How to Help the Scheme

It will be a great help if you will tell every friend you possess about the scheme; get all the new Companions you can to join

BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN PAGES

at once, and be very enthusiastic yourselves ! That will do wonders, because enthusiasm in anything is "catching" — like measles, you know—and enthusiasm in a good cause like this is specially contagious.

In work of this kind "pegging away" is the best method. And no one need be discouraged at being able to do only a wee part, if it is the very best part possible. Often the smallest gifts and the least important-looking deeds are far greater in value and results than others which apparently are larger and tremendously impressive. Everything depends on the motive.

I promised to write this month about methods of raising money that would be appropriate and possible to us. But on the whole it will be better, I think, to wait till you have sent me your opinions and propositions. Do write with entire frankness. Perhaps by the time our next Corner is printed we shall have a letter from Violet Little. Evidently she had not settled down sufficiently to write a letter for this one.

You will give a welcome, surely, to the photographs of Companions in our pages this month. I want everyone to send me a picture. Will you ?

What shall we chat about now ? One pleasure I have in the numerous letters you write is to find how many of you delight in two of my own favourite occupations—reading and gardening. All my spare time during these spring and early summer months has been spent out of doors—digging, planting, sowing, weeding, and the like. And I find that gardening is the favourite topic of conversation nowadays with so many folks, and it seems the most natural thing for us to discuss in our June meeting. After all,

Gardens and Gardening

do give one as satisfactory a hobby as can be found. Don't you agree ? There is always something to be done, and something to plan. Too, one feels in it a spirit of reverence and a usefulness that lots of hobbies cannot produce. Because, really,

there is a very wonderful privilege, if you think of it, in being allowed to help God make the world beautiful. You will surely find that gardening is so thoroughly enjoyable because the work we do, while very full of pleasure for the doer, is to result in happiness for others also. Years and years ago a learned man wrote : "God Almighty first planted a garden ; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures." Who was the writer, do you know ?

But let us get out of the study into the open, where the air is fresh and sweet after the rain that has been feeding the growing things so well that you can almost see them getting bigger. I do wish we could just link arms and walk round each other's gardens ! Still, we cannot, and I must tell you of my small domain now, and you, in the letters I shall ask for soon, will be able to give me a glimpse of yours. If you have not a dear patch of your own, do try to get one.

Yesterday I was busy dividing and replanting groups of Doronicums, and when you see these lines there will, I trust, be masses of golden starry flowers to look upon. Why is it, do you think, that so large a number of the spring and early summer flowers are golden in colour ? The birds—naughty sparrows, I guess—ate such a lot of my Crocuses this spring, but still

they made a yellow edging for the path that divides my border from the tennis ground. The Pansies which grow alongside evidently felt they were ostrivalled and must show what they could do, and blue buds came out on some of them before they had been in the ground a month. I'm looking forward to them being bonny in June, though, by the Forget-me-nots' side, and so had gently to remove those first blooms.

Have any of you grown pink or yellow Lupins ? Mine are all blue and white. They are such faithful friends, and come to see one year after year ; and the Campanulas, and Michaelmas Daisies, and the beautiful white Phloxes, too. A white Foxglove appeared mysteriously in my border last summer but one—sown by a bird visitor,

OUR NEW SCHEME



VIOLET, THE LITTLE MAIDEN
SUPPORTED BY "QUIVER"
COMPANIONS.

£23 is required for Violet's outfit and first year's keep in Canada. Who will help ?

THE QUIVER

I expect, or blown by the wind—and now there are several. In one corner I have a little wild garden, and my pets there are some Cowslips which I pulled up in a field one Good Friday when out for a walk. They are growing cosily at the root of an old apple tree, with some ferns and pink Foxglove. A wild garden is sometimes a bit difficult to start, unless you can get fresh soil from the woods and commons. I am just longing to get some "Bracken" to grow in my wild patch, but it *won't*.

The exciting part of gardening is that there is no end to the experiments that are possible. Do you not all enjoy experiments—whether in the laboratory or elsewhere? The first I tried in my garden was when I was ever so little. A nursemaid told me that if I planted a Primrose root upside down it would grow pink flowers. A pink Primrose sounded attractive, and I tried. But alas! that experiment came to nothing. As a matter of fact, I believe I dug up the plant so often to see how it was getting on that it never did anything at all!

Another more recent experiment brought better fortune. While walking one day through a big store in London, I saw a basket of shrivelled-up things that were more like dried bits of old leather than anything else. The label said "Anemones—St. Brigid, 3d. a doz." I stopped and wondered how anything so lovely as a white Anemone could ever come from such uninteresting, dead-looking stuff. Then the experiment-loving part of me said: "Try them." So a dozen were packed up and I brought them home to my garden. And I've had a splendid threepennyworth of joy out of that purchase. For last spring there came up eleven clumps of green ferny leaves and the loveliest white blossoms you could wish. Just now I look every day for the fronds, and already they are peeping. In the June time, when you see this letter in print, they will be flower-laden, let us hope.

Have any of you tried working out a colour scheme in your garden? It is awfully interesting to arrange one. Yellow and white was my spring choice. Daffodils, Crocuses, Hyacinths, and some ramby "White Rock" that covers the border lines so gracefully. For summer this year I am trying to get blue and white, mostly. Forget-me-nots, and blue Pansies, and Violas for the border. Then my old loves, the

Lupins, and the Foxgloves in white. Some white tall Lilies a friend gave me did not do much last year, but they were better cared for this season, and look very promising. Do you know that dear little "Love in the Mist" flower? I have some of that, and the big Daisies and blue Galega, and high Delphiniums—these are a few of my favourite plants. What blue flowers do you know?

And what happiness it is to watch them getting bigger and bigger! Do tell me about your pets in the garden, and how you grow them, and what they talk to you about. Nearly all of them will tell you something, if you listen—like the trees we interviewed at Christmas. Have you watched anyone try to get new kinds of flowers? Or have you watched and thought about the bees carrying the pollen—that precious golden treasure of the flowers—as they journey from blossom to blossom? There is such a marvellous intelligence in even common weeds that will reward your patient study. Can you tell us any instances that you have noticed? Perhaps someone will exclaim: "What rubbish! Plants can't be intelligent!" Well, you secure a little garden of your own—or grow something in a window box—and watch and see. I don't think you will say that again.

I must stop though. We'll have a competition this midsummer month, that will be appropriate, and, judging from your letters, it will be a popular one. Send me a letter about your garden, or the home garden if you have not a patch specially yours; tell me about the plants you grow, about the nicest thoughts and plans and events in connection with it that you can remember. Or if you prefer, take a photograph of it and send that. Needless to say the picture must be your own work absolutely, developing and printing and all. Perhaps some Companions are not among the happy people who have gardens. Then if that is so let them create a dream garden, and write an account of what they would have if they could. Choose which part of the competition you feel most likely to succeed in, or try both if you like, and let me receive the letters and photographs by June 28th at latest. I am specially wishful for Companions abroad to join in this, and in order to let all have a chance the time limit for them is extended to August 31st. There will be senior and junior prizes in each section, and I

BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN PAGES

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hope everyone will send in some attempt. I should like to hear about the very small folks' gardens.

Now for the Puzzle Competition report, the Prize Letter, and then for as many extracts from other correspondence as space will allow.

Concerning the Puzzles

It was delightful to receive such neat papers in the Puzzle Competition. I am writing before the solution of the Cryptic Letter is due, but hope many of you have tried it, and also the Puzzle-Making Competition.

The senior prize is won by *Beatrice Dorothy Yates* (Bourne, Lincs., age 17½), who has solved all the puzzles set. Here I ought to say that in the Buried Seaside Towns there was a slight misprint; in No. V. a "j" was put instead of "f." Probably that increased the difficulty for you, and I am sorry I did not notice the error in the proof. However, Beatrice evidently guessed the letter was wrong, and has hit on the right name. Very excellent papers among the seniors were also sent by *Elinor L. Jones*, *Winifred M. Topliss*, *Rena Thompson*, and *Essyllt Prichard*.

In the junior section, too, the same excellence and neatness are shown, and the prize - winner, *Ralph Hill* (Pilton, Uppingham), has guessed all the answers correctly except one buried town — Ilfracombe. *Irene Collier* sent in a particularly neat paper, and I must also congratulate *Kathleen M. Burges* and *Mary Isabel Young* on their attempts.

Here are the solutions:—

*L Cross Word Enig-
ma*: Seaside.

II. *Buried Seaside Towns*: Bexhill, Southend, Llandudno, Aberystwith, Ilfracombe, Bourne-mouth.

III. *Squared Verse*:

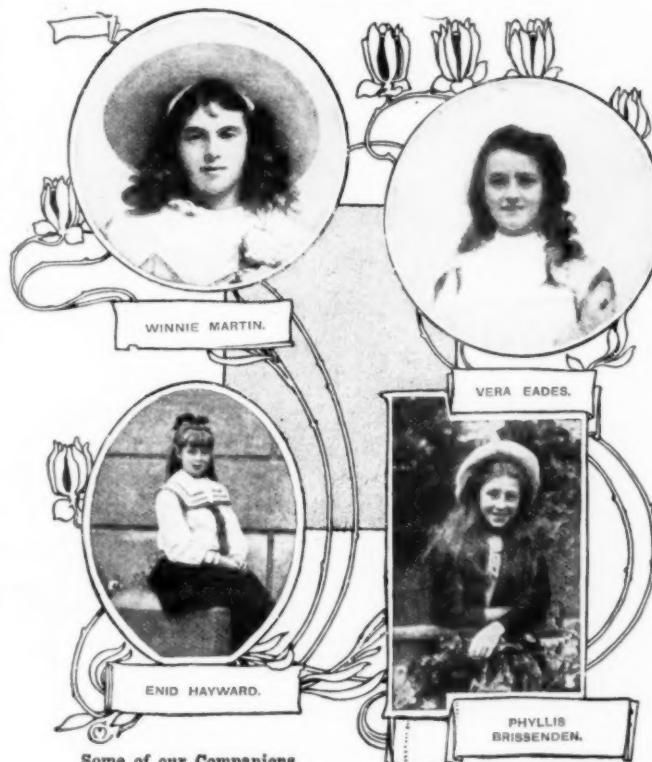
Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
[O] no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his
height be taken.

IV. *Tangled Wisdom*:

There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it ill behoves any of us
To find fault with the rest of us.

Our Letter Prize is going to South Africa this month, and it is well earned by our new friend, *Viola de Villiers*. Here is her letter, which will be welcome to all of you, I am sure:

DEAR ALISON,—You will perhaps wonder how I came to know about you. My friend, Hettie Joubert, asked me whether I would become a member of the "How, When and Where" Corner, and I gladly consented.



THE QUIVER

Hettie and I are great friends, and we are always together.

Paarl is not a very big place, seven miles in length; but since I was born here, I feel so attached to it that I don't think I could easily leave it.

On either ends of Paarl we have fir-tree avenues, and it is pleasant to drive from the one end to the other along the broad, well-shaded streets, lined on each side with oaks through which graceful houses peep.

I suppose you have heard of Cape Town? Well, Paarl is only about thirty-six miles from Cape Town, and about two and a half hours with the train.

We also have a beautiful mountain, on which we often go for picnics.

The measles has broken out among the school girls, and it is so bad that the Kindergarten and Standards I. and II. have broken up.

I dare say at the end of this week our Principal will give out the notice that the whole school will break up, as it is getting worse.

Hurrah! The holidays are coming off in two weeks' time. I say "Hurrah!" because some friends are coming to stay here, but, of course, I prefer school to holidays.

We have a large garden with plenty of varieties of fruit (I wish I could send you some), but the season is nearly past; when that has passed, the oranges will be there again, and when the oranges have passed, then the loquats will be ripe.

So, you see, we have always fruit of some kind.

I often lie reading under the spreading branches of the fruit trees.

We also have a broad river here in Paarl, and when the heat is so great the boys always go for a swim.

Now, dear Alison, I must conclude.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Yours sincerely,

VIOLA.

From My Letter Case

NELLIE GILLANDERS sends me a most interesting letter from New Zealand. "I want to be a Companion," she says. "I am twelve years old, and came out here from Scotland a year and a half ago. Our house is not yet built, so we are living in tents until it will be built. At home in Scotland and England the scenery isn't nearly so pretty as it is here. There is what they call bush here, where there are all kinds of trees and lovely flowers. It grows all over the country, and looks very, very pretty."

I was delighted to hear again from MARGUERITE Foss, who writes from Natal, and promises to try to get some more Companions. She very kindly sends me an invitation to visit her! The next letter is to be about her school life, and will be of interest to us all. Marguerite has two brothers and no sisters. "My little brother Colin has such a dear little dog, whose name is 'Sir Blundell.' He is so gentle and quiet; his father took a prize at the Crystal Palace in London. I should very much like to go to England. I have heard such a lot about the scenery and pretty flowers from Mother, who has been there."

EVA WHEELER is a new Companion, from whom I hope to have a long letter soon. "I have lived five years of my life out of England," she tells me. "I have been to India twice, and Africa once. I have seen the Orangia School, of which there is a letter in *THE QUIVER* telling about a girl going there. I don't like England after Africa and India—it is too cold. I have brought a little Cape canary home, and my sister has brought a parrot: he is a young one, and makes a lot of noise."

VERA ANDREWS, who chose our motto, is one of our champion letter-writers, and her favourite blue paper is always a welcome sight to my eyes.

She suggests a doll-dressing competition for the girls, and a book-collecting one for the boys, all the things to be given to a hospital. "I have been in a hospital myself," adds Vera, "and know the feeling of having to be still all day without a thing to play with." We'll see, Vera, presently.

"I live at a farm," writes MADGE STOREY, another new little Companion, "and have three pets—a pony, a dog, and a cat. We call the pony 'Moggy,' the dog 'Rook,' and the cat 'Tibby.' She is ten years old." Isn't Madge lucky to have all those pets!

ESSYLLT PRICHARD has been going in for a cookery examination, and trying to solve the puzzles in her spare time. "I like puzzles better than writing poetry, or something of that kind, unless it is a competition for writing stories." We'll carry out your suggestion as soon as an opportunity occurs, Essyllt.

I was specially pleased with a charming letter from DOROTHY CROPPER. "We have got a great deal of beautiful scenery round here," writes Dorothy, "and also many lovely old buildings, of which Chepstow Castle and Tintern Abbey are very fine examples. Tintern Abbey, although entirely in ruins, is a beautiful old building overlooking the Wye. The old monks knew well how to choose a fine site to build their abbeys and monasteries on. A year ago an arch in a window, from which there is a lovely view, had to be shot away, as it was getting dangerous. Rooks and jackdaws build in the ivy and make a good deal of noise." Dorothy collects stamps, and has about 600. Can any Companion beat that record?

RUTH OWEN asks for a Colonial correspondent, and a French one also. Ruth says: "The motto 'By Love Serve One Another' is lovely. I wish I could illustrate it, but unfortunately I am not a bit of good at competitions. My drawings are decidedly weird" [I sympathise, Ruth; mine are, "for the meaning which I intend them to have is always different from other people's interpretation of them. At Cheltenham all my sketches had to be most distinctly labelled, to prevent misunderstanding. Perhaps the gardening competition will be more in my line, for I thoroughly enjoy work of that description. Botany and history have always been pet subjects of mine."]

JAMES M. HENDERSON also thinks the motto "a very good one, and just the kind for a Corner like this." He, too, is a botanist. "This is my first year at the High School of Stirling, and I enjoy it very much. The motto of the school is 'Tempori Parendum.' Just now the school is closed for the Easter holidays, and I am spending the time in looking for several wild flowers. That is my favourite hobby in the spring and summer time."

ALLISON LAIDLAW would like more photographs in our Corner; he has not sent me his yet, though!

WINIFRED TOPLISS always sends interesting letters. You were right about the "O" being omitted in the fourth line of the Squared Verse; it had to be left out to fit. Your paper was very good. Try again.

Affectionate greetings to all,
From your friend,



•• Readers who wish to join the Companionship may do so at any time. All that is necessary is that the coupon (in the advertisement pages) shall be filled in and sent to *THE QUIVER* office as directed.

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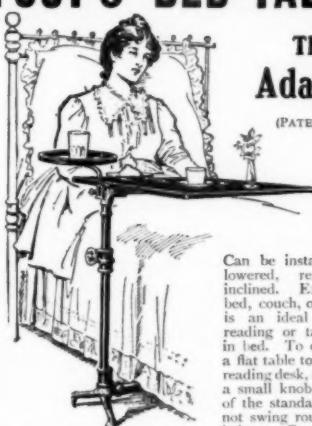
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THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY and YORK, in their appeal recently issued, say:—

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Watch the children
enjoy Quaker Oats.

42 M

THE CAMOMILE

By the Rev. J. G. STEVENSON

ISABEL went with Basil, the next-door boy, to the Zoo ; and a right glorious time they had. Though everybody knows that Isabel always thinks she knows everything better than anybody else, there were no real differences of opinion except about a dromedary ; and concerning this you are about to hear. Once there was nearly a quarrel. They were in the monkey-house, and Isabel said that one bald-faced monkey looked like Basil's cousin. Basil was quite annoyed. But nurse kept the peace by saying that a mischievous monkey was next door to a naughty girl, and neither of the children cared to say anything more. They had a ride on the elephant, they stared at the flamingo, and the ant-eater stared at them and decided he preferred ants. Then Isabel and Basil had a bun each, and rode home in quite good tempers, and a yellow bus.

After tea, Isabel was being undressed by her mother while her auntie sewed things and looked on. Isabel explained about the ant-eater staring so much, and said how glad she was her aunt was not with them. Then she began to tell about Basil and the dromedary. "Mummy, dear," she said in a scornful voice, "that silly Basil said an animal with a hump was a seraph." "Dear me!" broke in her mother, "that was strange!" "Yes, mother," went on Isabel, "and all the time he meant giraffe. I explained to him a seraph was something in the Bible and the chant book, and always flies." Isabel's mother looked at her aunt, who was smiling. "Go on," said Auntie. "But," continued Isabel, "that was not the worst of that ignorant Basil. When he looked at the animal with one hump and said it was a seraph, meaning a giraffe, he was just as wrong as he could be." "How so?" asked Auntie. "Well," explained Isabel, "all the time the animal was a camomile." And Isabel laughed in utter scorn of her boy friend. Her mother and auntie laughed also, but they were laughing at Isabel. "Why, dear," said her mother at last, "you were as wrong as Basil. The word you were trying to say is camel, and not camomile ; and the animal that looks like a camel and has one hump is called a dromedary."

Never in your life did you see such a crest-

fallen little girl as Isabel, and because she was humbled her mother took the chance of explaining a great many important things to her. She told her that few children know as much as they think they know, and generally it is those who are always trying to put other children right who know least of all. This nearly made Isabel cry, but her mother thought it was best not to spare her ; and she gave her auntie a look which meant she was to continue the talking too. So, in a kind voice that somehow hurt all the more for being kind, Auntie explained that no really good child ever despises another for not knowing as much as herself. God, she said, gave us all we know not to help us to feel superior, but so that we may help others who know less. But while we are little it is very hard indeed to find anybody who knows less than we do, and so children do well to remember that they are in this world to learn, and not to teach. Perhaps if they work hard at their lessons and mind what they are told, they may grow up into men and women who are so wise as to be able to teach others. But the way to get that kind of wisdom is to think often how little you really know, and never to imagine you know better all the time than everybody else. By the time Isabel had heard all this her hair was nearly done for the night. The talking-to had made her so docile that she was not half as much trouble as usual. Soon the hair was quite finished, and not long afterwards Isabel was ready for prayers. Her mother and she said the usual ones, and then together they added this: "Oh, Lord, help Isabel not to be so conceited and so scornful. She is not a bad little girl, but she thinks she knows everything better than anybody else. Help her not to grieve Thee by being so foolish. Make her humble and anxious to learn. So more than ever shall she be Thine own little girl, and live to Thine honour and glory. Amen." Auntie said "Amen" as well, and after she was in bed Isabel spent quite a long time in being sorry. Then because she remembered that all out-and-out good children try hard to get to sleep as soon as is possible after being put to bed, she tried hard, and so soon she was sleeping.

Poverty of Heart

League of Loving Hearts' Page

By THE EDITOR

POVERTY is by no means confined to the purse ; there is a poverty in the midst of riches, a poverty of heart. Nobody likes poverty ; it is grinding, narrowing and numbing. We try to avoid the poverty in this world's goods that we have been taught to dread, but often are we not in danger of the other poverty—the poverty of the heart—which is even more cramping, grinding, and soul-destroying ? The struggle to earn a living, the worries and disillusionments of life, these have a tendency to blunt our finer susceptibilities, to narrow our interests, to take the edge off our ideals—in a word to produce poverty of heart.

How shall we avoid this danger ? One way is by increasing the altruistic interests of life ; to get outside of our own narrow personality, and find new life in the throbbing cares and joys of others. This needs to be done systematically. The heart needs exercise as much as the body ; not violent, straining, unusual force, but constant and steady outgiving. This is where the mission of The League of Loving Hearts comes in. Our ten societies represent all sorts and conditions of men and women and children—at least all sorts who need a helping hand. Your circumstances will not permit of your personally assisting in these noble enterprises, but by means of our League you can become interested in them all. Each member of the League subscribes at least one shilling, and this is divided among the societies mentioned below.

A month or two ago I mentioned that

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.
RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.
SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
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Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

JUNE 5th. JESUS WALKS ON THE SEA *Matthew xiv. 22-36*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The Praying Saviour. (2) The Troubled Disciples. (3) The Calm after Storm.

The Habit of Prayer

IN reading the life of Jesus Christ one cannot fail to be struck with the frequency of His prayers. He loved to be in communion with His Father, and again and again we find Him going off by Himself that He might have a quiet, uninterrupted season of hallowed fellowship.

When "Chinese" Gordon was a subordinate, a fellow officer boasted to him that he had got on faster in promotion because he was "not so pious." "Look at me," he said, "I have now a major's shoulder straps; what have you got?" "I have callouses on my knees," replied Gordon, who was known as the "praying captain." It was Gordon's habit to spend a certain portion of the day in prayer to God, and a flag placed outside his tent during these hours was an indication that he must not be disturbed.

The man who is much in prayer is on the straight road to victory; he who neglects prayer is throwing away his best defence, and is likely to know the sorrows of defeat.

The Troubles that are Blessings in Disguise

In this lesson we see the disciples of Jesus in a troubled and perplexed state. Alone on the stormy sea, they were being tossed about by wind and wave, and they doubtless imagined all manner of calamities. But when the Master returned, their fear left them, and the storm was calmed.

The Rev. J. H. Jowett relates this incident: "Once in my early days in Newcastle-on-Tyne I went out for a walk on an exceedingly misty day. Suddenly, as I looked ahead, I saw what looked in the fog like a gigantic lion. Well, I am happy to tell you that I was brave enough to go on, and when I got up to this great, massive lion in the fog, it turned out to be a church! The enemy that I feared in the mist proved to be the very sanctuary of God. And I cannot

tell you how many times in my ministry I have seen a lion in my way and I have said to myself, 'I wonder if that will not prove to be the shrine of the Almighty?' And nine times out of ten when I have got right up to it I have found the apparent hostility and menace was the sanctuary of the love and the grace of God. He that loseth his life in venture shall find it. Life is enriched, life is preserved by the principle of endurance."

JUNE 12th. THE CANAANITISH WOMAN

Matthew xv. 21-28

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The Pleading Woman and the Impatient Disciples. (2) The Reply of Faith. (3) The Answered Prayer.

"THIS woman," said Mr. Spurgeon commenting on the incident in our lesson, "gained comfort in her misery by thinking great thoughts of Christ. The Master had talked about the children's bread. 'Now,' argued she, 'since Thou art the Master of the table of grace, there is sure to be such an abundance for the children that there will be crumbs to throw on the floor for the dogs, and the children will fare none the worse because the dogs are fed.' She thought Him one who kept so good a table that all that she needed would only be a crumb in comparison; yet remember, what she wanted was to have the devil cast out of her daughter. It was a very great thing to her, but she had such a high esteem of Christ, that she said, 'It is nothing to Him, it is but a crumb for Christ to give.' That is the royal road to comfort."

Lincoln and the Lad

A striking example of this reward of importunity, which Christ recommended on more than one occasion, is given in an incident related of the late President Lincoln of America. "While officially resident in Washington during the Civil War, I once had occasion to call upon President Lincoln with the late Senator Henry Wilson, upon an errand of a public nature in which

THE QUIVER

we were mutually interested," writes ex-Governor Rice in his memorial volume. "We were obliged to wait some time in the anteroom before we could be received, and, when at length the door was opened to us, a small lad, perhaps ten or twelve years old, who had been waiting for admission several days without success, slipped in between us and approached the President in advance. The latter gave the senator and myself a cordial but brief salutation, and turning immediately to the lad said: 'And who is the little boy?' The boy soon told his story, which was in substance that he had come to Washington seeking employment as a page in the House of Representatives, and he wished the President to give him such an appointment.

"To this the President replied that such appointments were not at his disposal, and that application must be made to the door-keeper of the house at the Capitol. 'But, sir,' said the lad, still undaunted, 'I am a good boy, and have a letter from my mother, and one from the supervisors of my town, and one from my Sunday school teacher, and they all told me that I could earn enough in one session of Congress to keep my mother and the rest of us comfortable for the remainder of the year.' The President took the lad's papers, and ran his eye over them with that penetrating and absorbent look so familiar to all who knew him, and then took his pen and wrote upon the back of one of them, 'If Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified,' and signed it 'A. Lincoln.' The boy's face became radiant with hope, and he walked out of the room with a step as light as though all the angels were whispering their congratulations."

The author says that it was only after the lad had gone that the President seemed to realise that a senator and another person had been for some time waiting to see him, and he goes on to add: "Think for a moment of the President of the great nation engaged in one of the most terrible wars ever waged among men, able so far to forget all as to give himself up for the time being to the errand of a little boy who had braved an interview uninvited, and of whom he knew nothing but that he had a story to tell of his widowed mother and of his ambition to serve her!"

THE QUIVER

JUNE 19th. PARABLE OF THE SOWER

Matthew xiii. 1-9, 18-23

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Christ the Teacher. (2) The Variety of Soils. (3) The Parable Explained.

IN speaking to the people around Him Christ drew His illustrations from the common scenes of life with which all were familiar. He spoke so that His words could be understood. The sower sowing seed, the lost piece of money, the lad who wandered away from his father's house—these, and many others, were of things with which they were acquainted, and from them He drew some spiritual lesson that the minds of His hearers could grasp. Mr. Moody used to say that a sermon without illustrations was like a house without windows; the greatest Teacher of all certainly believed in the power and the value of illustrations, and His methods are a model to all who carry His divine message to others.

Sowing and Reaping

"Suppose," said Mr. Moody, "I meet a man who is sowing seed, and say: 'Stranger, what are you sowing?' 'Seed.' 'What kind of seed?' 'I don't know.' 'Don't you know whether it is good or bad seed?' 'No, I can't tell; but it is seed, that is all I want to know, and I am sowing it.' You would say that he was a first-class lunatic, wouldn't you? But he wouldn't be half so mad as the man who goes on sowing for time and eternity, and never asks himself what he is sowing or what the harvest will be."

JUNE 26th. PARABLE OF THE TARES

Matthew xiii. 24-30, 36-43

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The Work of the Enemy. (2) The Coming Judgment. (3) The Final Separation.

The Enemy at Work

A ROMAN Catholic woman went to a priest and told him that she had been slandering her neighbours. The priest promised her absolution on condition of her performing a penance. He gave her a thistle-top and said, "You can take that thistle and scatter the seeds all over the field." She went and did so, and came back. "Now," said the priest, "gather up all those seeds." "I cannot," said the woman.

A Question for the Corpulent

Do you intend to continue to suffer from obesity, with all its pains and penalties, or are you going to try that matchless tonic remedy, Antipon, which permanently reduces weight and, at the same time, restores strength and vitality and a good figure?

THIS question is a momentous one for many persons: it is not only a matter of the objectionable condition of overfatness; health, strength, comfort, energy, the power to do efficient work—all these things, and more, are concerned. It requires serious thought.

THE BODY'S RIGHTS.

A writer in his wisdom has said:—"The body has rights, and we have duties towards it. The duty of a wise care for health is bigger than merely adding to our personal happiness. To a large extent it determines the efficiency of our lives. Many a man learns after it is too late that he would have been fit for better and more work if he had always preserved the sane and sensible bearing towards the laws of health and life which experience teaches."

Slimness and Vigour.

Those alert, wiry men and strong, slender, well-formed women are infinitely better fitted to do the good work of the world than they who remain over-stout, dull, and lethargic.

With such a perfect remedy as Antipon ready to hand (it can be obtained all over the civilised world), every stout person may attain the enviable condition of slimness allied with physical and mental vigour. And this great blessing can be achieved without trouble or inconvenience, and at a comparatively small cost.

THE GREAT POINT.

The great point is to increase strength whilst reducing weight. This Antipon does by toning up the entire system, increasing appetite and perfecting the processes of digestion and assimilation. That this ideal nourishment of the whole organism does not conduce to any redevelopment of excessive adipose is because *Antipon conquers the insidious cause of obesity*—viz., the obstinate tendency to accumulate needless fat in every part. With the rapid elimination of the offending fatty matter the cure of obesity is definite and final. As soon as correct weight and nice proportions are regained the treatment may be discontinued *sine die*.



"Oh, my dear, I'm much too heavy for this sort of thing now. Isn't it frightful to be so fat at 32?"

"Nonsense, dear. You must try Antipon. It's delightful. It reduced my weight beautifully, and I am 4 inches less round the waist."

The initial decrease is of course dependent on the degree of obesity. In severe cases the reduction

amounts to 3lb., or even more, within the first twenty-four hours; in mild cases not less than 8oz. may be counted upon. As day after day the diminution goes on there is a continuous recovery of strength and vitality. Whatever the amount of fat taken off from the too fleshy and flabby cheeks, chin, &c., there will be no wrinkles, Antipon having an admirable tonic effect on the skin. Antipon contains nothing of a harmful nature, and is very refreshing.

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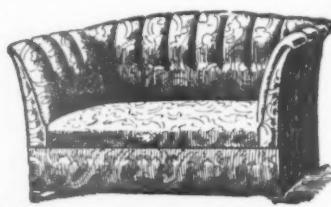
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THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

"Ah!" he said, "I know you can't; neither can you gather up all the evil words you spoke about your neighbours."

Christ taught the final punishment of the evil and the reward of the good, but He never recommended the person who had been wronged by an enemy to take the law into his own hands; rather did He counsel the returning of good for evil. A story is told of a student who incurred the enmity of one of the professors, who finally brought about his expulsion from college. The young man vowed vengeance. Acting as a war correspondent in the struggle between Turkey and

Greece, he found himself one day between two hostile lines, and was obliged to spend the night in that position. In the darkness he heard approaching steps, and then the figure of an old man came into view. It was his teacher of other days who had gone to Greece to study archaeological remains. Losing his way, he had wandered for three days, with berries for his only food. The former student shared his covering with the old man; and the next day directed him on his way. "It was the sweetest revenge I ever had," he said when telling the story later.

The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

Good Turns

THERE is a deal of Naaman in us all; if we haven't the chance of doing some "great" thing, we won't do anything. Which shows we are not so good, after all, as we fancy we are. We make believe to ourselves that we want to do good, while all the time we are only strutting a little before ourselves. We need to sit down and think out carefully the difference between "great" and "good." A thing may be "great," as some people reckon greatness, and yet may not be "good"; but whatever is good is bound to be great with Him who works out all His purposes through goodness rather than greatness. There is nothing "great" with Him, and nothing little; He judges in a different way, whether a thing is good or evil, right or wrong. So the thing which may seem to us to be very little may be very great in His eyes. It is never with Him a question of bulk or glitter, but a question of good or bad.

A very pleasant and useful lesson on this has just been given by one of the leaders of the Birmingham Boy Scouts. He has issued a penny booklet with samples of the "good turns" done by his boys. The Scouts are trained to be men, but humane and gentle-men first of all; and one of their finest rules is "to help others, and to do at least one good turn every day." Let me quote the following items—few "great," but all "good"—as my own "good turn" to further the splendid work, leaving the

reader to get the full list, for the modest outlay, from the originator, Mr. W. J. Parkins, Holmdale, Radnor Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

"Stopped boy throwing at a dog. Fetched an old man his dinner in. Told a boy where to get a situation. Carried coal up from the cellar for typist. I carried a little child across the road. Helped to carry a heavy box for a girl. Helped a little girl's coal truck up a gutter. Helped a boy load a carriage full of paper. Helped my workmate on with his work. Helped a girl to pull barrow up foot-path. I washed the tea-things up for mother. Fetched a pint of lamp oil for a neighbour. I led an old man across the road who was blind. Helped a man with a hand-cart up Hill Street. I gave some matches to a woman to light her fire. Lit a fire and took mother up a cup of tea to bed. I stopped six or seven boys from hitting another. Helped a lame man to carry a box upstairs. I have took to helping an old lady every morning. Led a blind man home. Helped an infirm old lady across Bull Ring at a busy time. Bathed a boy's head for him when he had cut it with a sharp stone. Stopped to take some papers into a shop to save man getting out of his cart. Blown a bicycle tyre up for a boy at school who was in a hurry. My good turn was to help a man who had fell down on the pavement and hurt himself badly."

THE QUIVER

These are but specimens, but they give their hints. It might not be difficult to find fault with them, and point out the priggish self-righteousness of writing down every good thing we do. This is a job that is best left to the recording angel. Yes, but everything must have a beginning, and once the habit is formed of willing good-heartedness, the rest can be left for further instructions. The point is—to do some good turn every day. That means 365 good deeds done annually, with an extra one thrown in for leap year. Multiply this by forty years, and then say—is it not a good habit which has become fixed, and hasn't the world somehow got a bit of a lift?

Try it about the cripples. There are thousands of these poor little suffering mites, in London alone, who never get out of their dull surroundings, yet here is the summer-time all around us, and how they long for a sight of the green fields or flashing sea! And it costs so little to give them the chance. For one shilling a crippled child can get a day in the country, and for ten shillings a child can be sent for a fortnight to a holiday home in the country or sea-shore. Could you not save up the odd pennies for the one day's outing, anyway? Could you not do more—give a little yourself, and beg the rest from some friends so that at least one of these weak little ones might have a glorious fortnight to strengthen and brighten him or her for another year? This would be a "good turn" in very deed—one of the best, and of the longest-lasting sort.

Make the effort, and send your help to Sir John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C. He will acknowledge it, will look after the cripple, and send all further particulars about the Crutch-and-Kindness League.

New Members for the Month

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Aston, Bournemouth; Miss E. Absalom, Cramlington, Northumberland.

Mrs. Barkworth, Piddlethrenthide, Dorchester; Miss A. J. Bate, Bridgnorth, Salop; Miss Benson, Billericay, Essex; Mrs. Biggs, Ferry Hill, co. Durham; Miss A. Bishop, Haddenham, Thame; Miss Beatrice Boddy, Dundrum, co. Dublin; Mrs. Brown, Penicuik, Mid Lothian.

Mrs. Carson, Kingstown, Ireland; Miss Alice Clemeton, Goudhurst; Miss Dorothy Clifton, Shefford; Miss Dorothy Colman, Bournemouth; Miss Catherine M. Cox, Overstone; Miss Curry, Hastings.

Miss G. Denham, Brighton; Miss Margaret Darling, Tonbridge; Mrs. Davidson, Cavan, Ireland; Miss Mary Dowling, Blackheath.

Mrs. E. Edel, Trinité Victor, près Nice; Miss English, Natal, S. Africa.

Miss Edith Forbes, Durban, S. Africa; Miss Forder, Swindon; Miss V. U. Fraser, Winnipeg, Canada.

Miss Hilda Gauldthorp, Marston, Cambridgeshire; Miss L. George, Poona, India; Miss Nellie Green, Calverley, near Leeds; Master J. G. Guthrie, Beith, Ayrshire.

Mrs. Hadlow, Gippsland, Australia; Miss Molly Hamilton, Geraldine, S. Canterbury, Australia; Miss Muriel Heron, Armagh, Ireland; Miss Marjorie D. Hodges, Dorking; Miss Crystabel Holman, Highgate.

The Misses Ingleson, Bushey, Herts; Mrs. Ingonville, Montevideo, Uruguay, S. America.

Miss S. Jacques, Sutton, Surrey; Miss Edith James, Brondesbury; Miss Emily Jarvie, Perth; Mrs. Jeffery, Bromley, Kent; Miss A. Jordan, Chelmsford; Mrs. Julian Newquay, Cornwall.

Miss King, Great Thurlow, Suffolk; Mrs. I. J. Knight, Winchmore Hill, N.

Miss Emily Leach, Nunhead, S.E.; Mrs. A. Lillecrapp, Eden Valley, S. Australia; Miss T. Little, Cavan, Ireland; Miss M. Lorimer, Roxburgh, N.B.; Miss Constance Lovesy, Stratford, Essex.

Miss Dora Mathew, Trimley, near Ipswich; Miss M. Ashe Meggitt, Mansfield; Miss Muriel Millward, Biddulph, near Congleton.

Miss Dorothy Oxley, St. Paul's Cray, Kent.

Mr. Frank Page, Swindon; Miss Peel, Waterford; Miss F. Pratt, Aston-on-Clun, Salop.

Mrs. Ratcliffe, Dover; Mrs. Reddrop, Marlborough; Mrs. Reynolds, Great Thurlow, Suffolk; Miss A. Rich, Weston-super-Mare.

Miss Aileen Sanderson, Middleboro'; Mrs. Simpson, Cairnie, Aberdeenshire; Master Duncan Sierot, Westgate-on-Sea; Miss Lizzie Small, Ottery St. Mary, Devon; Miss E. M. Smith, Pimlico, S.W.; Miss Mary Smith, Gomersal, near Leeds; Miss Lorna Stanfield, Natal, S. Africa; Miss Stock, Swindon; Miss Ellen Symnett, Bury St. Edmunds; R. Frer Somerville, Barton-le-Willows, Yorks.

Misses Q. and M. Taylor, Smaldeel Junc., Orange River Colony; Mrs. Tibnam, Langney, near Eastbourne; Mrs. Tomson, Palmer's Green, N.; Colonel and Mrs. Roth Triscott, Oxford Terrace, W.

Miss Webb, Swindon; Mrs. Wilson, Grimsby; Miss K. Wheatley, E. Moseley, Birmingham; Misses M. and E. Wheeler, Woking; Miss Wilde, Glossop; Miss Wilson, Swindon; Miss I. M. Wood, Alvaston, Derby.

The high standard set in last month's "Girl's Realm" is well maintained in the June number. The interest of the three excellent serials develops considerably, and there is a splendid variety of fresh, well-written, complete stories. In addition to these, the contents include valuable articles on "Dower Chests," "How to Furnish a Country Home," "What Girls are Doing," "A Girl's Library," "Nature Month by Month," etc.

This month's "Little Folks" starts a new volume, and contains the first parts of serial stories by Helen H. Watson and Meredith Fletcher. The whole number makes delightful reading for the little ones.

CROW'S-FEET AND WRINKLES

A Note for Every Woman to Read—and Hide

By NETTA DALGLEISH

If there is one thing more than another to which a woman looks forward with dismay and apprehension it is the gradual deepening of the wrinkles on her forehead, the slow implanting of those ugly lines that reach from the nostrils to the corner of the mouth, and the sagging of the muscles at the throat and chin. These—more than any other natural signs—mark her as past her prime and bring her face to face with the oncoming of a more or less unbeautiful old age.

One so often hears the remark: "Grey hair doesn't matter nearly so much as wrinkles." Grey hair is in itself beautiful, and comes frequently in very early middle age; besides, if one really dislikes it one can always obtain a successful colouring, or can wear a toupee. But wrinkles matter *all* the time, and can never be anything but worrying to the sensitive mind. A great deal of absolute rubbish has been said and written about the possibility of removing wrinkles by persistent use of steaming-pots, face massage and straps, and thousands upon thousands of pounds have been thrown away upon these worse than useless "systems" of beauty culture. One hears about them, and occasionally one meets persons who have tried one or other of the systems, and always one is led to wonder why so much trouble should have been taken to bring about so very poor a result; for, to the ordinary onlooker, the "beautified" face is not a whit handsomer than the natural face, the skin quite as sallow, the muscles as lax, the texture as coarse, the colouring decidedly artificial, and the whole face strongly evident of "make-up."

One Different from the Rest.

It was just over three years ago that Mademoiselle Meta made a wonderful discovery that quickly brought fame to her and made her the most sought-after beauty specialist of the day.

Mademoiselle Meta had herself been disfigured by wrinkles. She had had a lot of trouble and anxiety, followed by a period of ill-health and depression of spirits, and had to all appearances said "Good-bye" to that foremost charm of woman-kind—a clear and unwrinkled complexion.

Then quite unexpectedly, and most fortunately for herself, she hit upon a marvellous discovery that actually removed her own wrinkles in three nights, and left her face so fresh and fair that she is considered by many Parisian folks to be the most beautiful woman who resides in or visits that gay city. In an age when women all the world over crave and yearn for beauty as never before, it was not to be supposed that a secret such as that discovered by Mademoiselle Meta would remain for very long her own exclusive property.

The Mind of a Friend.

Her women friends were the first to notice the change in her looks. Friends are so candid! If

one is ageing fast one can trust a woman friend to bring home the truth in some cutting little speech; and, again, if one seems suddenly to have defied time, and gone back to the days of one's youthful beauty, it is generally a woman who, against her wishes, will bring home the happy truth. Mademoiselle Meta was generous to her friends, even to those who had been quickest to condole with her in the past on the loss of her good looks; she was doubly generous to those who now congratulated her, and she gave them her secret. Within a very short time Mademoiselle Meta was famous with that brilliant fame which is bound to come to anyone who has a great and valuable treasure in her possession. She quickly became the counsellor of thousands of would-be fair women. Ladies of high degree sought her out; the directors of Continental expositions made much of her; many gold medals and Grand Prix were awarded to her special productions; and within the year she had become known as the one beauty specialist of the day.

The Inevitable Imitation.

Imitators have sprung up here and there in different countries. It is noticeable that some of them copy Mademoiselle Meta's advertisements and literature so very closely that it is a work of art to distinguish between the imitation and the real. Mademoiselle Meta, having won a high reputation, shows a decided mind to stand by it. She will forfeit £250 in gold if anyone proves that she did not take out her own wrinkles, as stated, in three nights; £250 in gold if every testimonial and sworn statement she publishes is not absolutely genuine. These are strong guarantees!

Mademoiselle Meta is quite ready to tell you all about her marvellous process, quite free, by return of post if you send inquiries to her.

She will explain to you how easy it is, by means of her discovery, to remove your wrinkles in the privacy of your own home in so simple and unobtrusive a fashion that even your most intimate friends will know nothing about it until the delightful change is completely effected. All you have to do, in the first place, is to cut out the coupon printed below and send it to her, and your reply will reach you in a perfectly plain sealed envelope.

WRINKLES.

Cut out this Coupon to-day, and post it to the World-Famous Beauty Specialist, Harriett Meta, Dept. 192b, 143-145, Great Portland St., London, W., for FREE INFORMATION in regard to her marvellous discovery for removing wrinkles.

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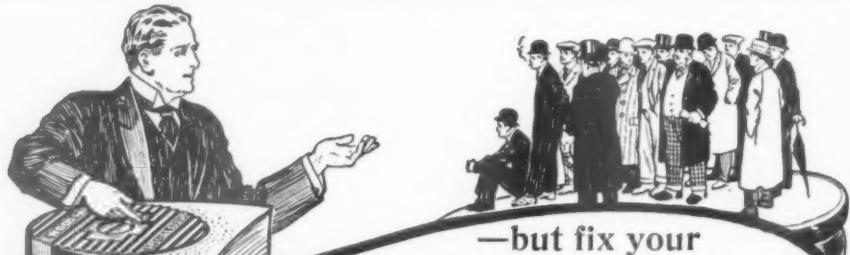
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**WOOD-MILNE
RUBBER HEELS**

Everyone said "It's Wonderful!"

And so it was. A big crowd gathered. Fierce and strong, and fanned by wind, the flames roared angrily, consuming the building on which they had laid so strong a hold, when lo! a lady appeared upon the scene with a tube of "Kyl-fyre" (extinguishing powder), which she dashed over the raging mass, and lo! again, sooner than one can write the fact, the fire was gone—"dead and done for"—showing how good a friend in time of need is the article "Kyl-fyre." And every man said "It's wonderful. Surely everyone should know of this marvellous thing."

Again—to show the wondrous nature and power of "Kyl-fyre," a large quantity of petrol was upset upon the ground as might be the case in a motor garage, and this being ignited, it quickly, as in a flash, enveloped the whole place with roaring, scorching flames, when once more "Kyl-fyre" was introduced and dashed over the leaping fire, which was instantly extinguished as if it had been snuffed out.

And the crowd said as with one voice, "Marvellous, simply marvellous!"

Then just that it might be demonstrated how easily "Kyl-fyre" will put out a fire that may occur in a house at any time, an actually furnished bungalow with lace curtains was deliberately set alight. The fire was allowed to proceed until it had obtained a good hold, and was rapidly spreading, when with the application of two tubes of "Kyl-fyre," every spark of fire and flame was gone; just so soon as the powder had left the tube that had contained it.

And the crowd said "It ought to be in every house," and one wise man was heard to observe, "I will get some of those tubes *at once* to put about my place." *Nota bene.*

The foregoing incidents were actually witnessed by the writer at an exhibition which took place in the Strand in London on Wednesday, April 20th, and he came away feeling that it was indeed just a duty that he owed to his fellow-man to do his best to make "Kyl-fyre" and its virtues more widely known. And to emphatically remark that the claims made for "Kyl-fyre" are no mere advertising talk for money-making purposes, but are of *genuine and vital importance to the community*. How many risks of property and life are daily run by most of us, and how many fires may be extinguished at the outbreak if "Kyl-fyre" be near at hand!

With a few tubes of "Kyl-fyre" about the house one may feel perfectly safe, and certainly should feel perfectly happy and thankful to the inventors of so great and good a thing.

F. B.

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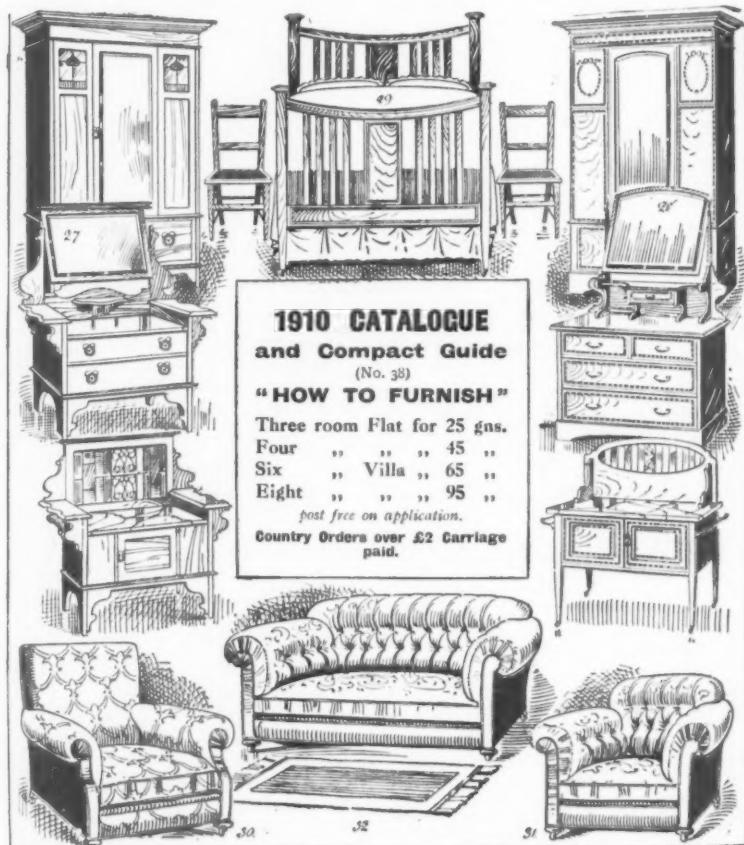
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Messrs. Allen & Hanbrys Ltd. will be pleased to send a large sample of the Diet on receipt of 3 penny stamps to cover cost of postage. Letters should be addressed to 37, Lombard Street, E.C.



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